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VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1874. NUMBER 21.

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Peter's Ride to the Wedding.

Peter would ride to the wedding, he would,
So he mounted his ass—and his wife,
She was to ride behind, if she could,
"For," said Peter, "the woman, she should
Follow, not lead through life."

"He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And proper and safe—and now
You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear,
And we'll ride to the kirk in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow."

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed
But the ass adopted the whim
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
That two should stick fast upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot."
"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass
In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot
As if he had shown he would sooner be shot
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little."
"Try it, my dear," says she—
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle
That never a step moved he.

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle," said she,
"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind"—
The ass felt the needle and up went his heels:
"I'm thinking," says she, "he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving—behind."

"Now lend me the needle and I'll prick his ear,
And set t'other end, too, agoing."
The ass felt the needle and upward he reared,
But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,
He'd any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "We get on rather slow;
While one end is up t'other sticks to the ground,
But I'm thinking a method to move him I know;
Let's prick both head and tail together, and so
Give the creature a start all around."

So said, so done; all hands were at work,
And the ass he did alter his mind,
For he started away with so sudden a jerk
That in less a than a trice he arrived at the kirk,
But he left all his lading behind.

THE UNFORTUNATE BABY.

A BUSINESS MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The city is a strange place. Wealth and want stand side by side. Mirth and misery jostle each other. The jewels of the millionaire's wife flash mockingly before the eyes of the pauper's widow. I leave my wife and my smiling infant, my little cherub, of whom I am remarkably fond, and I saunter pleasantly down Broadway, smoking a fine cigar. I know I shall make a large sum of money by a business arrangement to-day, and I intend to take Clara to the opera this evening. This is my programme; but what is his who stops me on the corner, and with skinny hand extended, begs in a tone that is almost ferocious, for something to buy food with. He, poor wretch, will shiver in his rags until the sun goes down, and then slink away to hide in some wretched hole, unblessed by hope even in his dreams. Probably he has no wife or children. It is to be hoped he has not, for they would only be helpless companions of his misery.

I feel as though I were doing wrong to flaunt my prosperity in his eyes, and I blush as I give him charity and hurry on.

There are so many of them—so many of them. There goes a thief to prison; two stout policemen clutch his arms—a crowd follows them. Guilt and misery together this time.

And here a woman hurries past, with a child in her arms. What a woeful expression on her face! What a terrible story must be hers, and how she could curdle the blood in our veins if she should stop and tell it in all its blank, unvarnished horror now! I feel a thrill of anguish as I look at her. Ah, how delightful it would be, if all the world were happy and prosperous.

I was led in this train of reflection by my morning's walk to my place of business. I have rather a tender heart, I believe, and scenes of sorrow make a great impression upon me. On this particular occasion I remembered the faces of the beggar, and thief, and the destitute woman so vividly, that I may say they haunted me. The woman's face, especially, seemed to hover before me in the air.

"Where was she going?" I asked myself. "What was she about to do?" The street into which she turned led directly to the river. Perhaps, driven to despair, she was going there to drown herself—about to take her life, because the task of sustaining it had become too hard for her; and I and a thousand other christians, who could have helped her, had let her pass unquestioned.

"God forgive us for our sins of omission," I said to myself; "for they are very, very great."

These thoughts troubled me all the morning, and at noon-time I went out to lunch rather in the hope of casting away my dismal reflections than because I had an appetite.

However, I stayed longer than usual. I met a friend who buttonholed me on the corner. And it was half-past one before I came back to the office.

Even then I was not myself. A presentiment of evil was upon me. I felt as tho' I were about to see some terrible sight, and the face of that woman floated in the air again. That horrible face, with wild black eyes, showing the white beneath the pupil, the small, tightly-shut mouth, the hollow cheeks, the pinched chin, and the floating tangle of black hair, framing it all in.

As I pushed the door open, I half expected to see it in my office in actual bodily presence. It was not there, but instead, my eyes met a sight equally surprising.

I had left my boy Shadrac in charge, as usual. Generally I had found him at some diabolical mischief on my return. To-day, as I cast my glance toward the desk, I missed his shock head; but looking about me, I spied it lower down, and saw that he was sitting on the floor in a corner with something in his arms, and a very uncomfortable expression on his face. In a moment more I saw that what he held was *a baby*.

"Hallo!" cried I. "What's that?"

'Young 'un," said Shadrac.

"Whose? Where did it come from?" I cried.

"Most the minute you went out, a woman come along," said Shadrac; and says she, "You Mr. Paddock's boy?" says I, "Yaas." Says she, "Catch a hold, and hold the child till I come back." And she ain't never come back.

I dunno what she meant by it. She had cheek anyway, whoever she is.

"What kind of a woman was she?" I asked.

"She had on a shawl," said Shadrac. "She was a furriner. What right have I got to take care of her young 'un, eh?" I sat down upon a chair, and put my hand to my forehead. I know now why that poor woman's face haunted me so long. She had tracked me to my office. Perhaps I had looked kindly at her. Who knew? I felt pity. I might have exhibited it; and before destroying herself she had cast the infant upon my charity.

It was romantic, but at the same time it was inconvenient.

I looked at the child. It was very pretty and very clean. I felt attracted toward it. I began to wonder whether it would be right for me to abopt a child, with my family; whether Mrs. Paddock would be willing that I should do so. I felt doubtful of that. Her own babe was care enough for her. How often did she pace the floor nearly all the night striving in vain to lull it to repose. As for the baby's maid, Nora, it was not likely that *she* would be willing to be additionally burthened. The charitable impulse faded almost before it was fully formed.

What should I do? A thought struck me. I would send for my friend, Professor Grill, who had an office in the same building. He knew my wife well. He was a sage who read the human character thoroughly, and could be looked to for an opinion on any subject.

Shadrac was holding the baby. He could not take the message. I caught a small boy on the stairs, and gave him a ten cent stamp. The result was the hasty arrival of the professor with a lancet, under the impression that I had been taken with a fit of some kind. He was greatly relieved to see that nothing was the matter—at least he said he was; but he is particularly fond of amateur surgical experiments, and I'm not sure the professor listened to my account of affairs.

"The old story, my dear fellow," he said; "the old story. Shadrac, my son, never take an infant from the arms of an unknown woman again. This thing is done every day, every day. As for your benevolent dream of adopting the child it is—excuse me—absurd. Your wife would not hear of it. Oh, no, no, no, no! Ha! ha! n-o-o-o! not for a moment. Besides, how do you know what this deserted child will grow up to be? I saw your noble infant at your happy home yesterday. The intellect of its father and the sweetness of its mother are already stamped upon its brow. I can see"—here the abandoned infant began to shriek—"I can see the vices of its parents already written on the features of this poor waif. Mark how low its forehead is! How large its under jaw! Look at the rage in its eyes! Listen to the cruel ring in its cry! Beware of this child! Give it to the proper charities at once. I'll go with you. Shadrac bring the baby. I must save you from the overwhelming yearnings of your own too charitable heart, my benevolent friend. Come with me."

I went with him. We attracted some attention as we walked down the street together. The professor, who is of gigantic stature, whose white hair floats abroad on the breeze, and whose big collar was once alluded to by a Bowery boy as a cape, clutching me by the arm as though my long-vanished impulse to adoptthat strange baby were a material power which would bear me away bodily, if not resisted; and Shadrac, in his office-coat, with a pen behind his ear, bearing the infant, who still shrieked wildly, in our wake.

I was glad to reach the court of justice nearest us—glad to find that the affair was an every-day one there.

Shadrac told his tale. I corroborated it.

The child was registered in a book as number seven thousand eight hundred and forty-four. My statement and address were recorded, and as an invoice of deserted infants was just being taken away in a sort of wagon by an old woman, seven thousand eight hundred and forty-four went with them.

"So much for human hearts!" said I. "The babe was cast upon my charity. I hand it over to the city."

"Ah!"

"You are a tax-payer, my friend," said the professor. "It is well you have common sense, in my person, at your elbow."

We had reached the office-building as he spoke; as we ascended the stairs he went on:

"The offspring of the criminal classes show their hereditary vices in their countenances almost at birth. I could see in that yet unchiseled face a—"

"Ah, there they come," screamed a voice.

"Oh, they haven't got him," cried another.

"I gave him to the boy there," cried the first. "Ye little devil, where's the baby?"

"Horace, speak! my child?" sobbed the other, clinging to my neck.

It was my wife who clung to me; the baby's maid, Nora, who shook Shadrac.

"Baby!" said I, gasping, "what baby? where? when? which?"

"Oh," said my wife, "Nora and I were going to Brooklyn, and I sent Nora first to wait in your office for me. I had some shopping to do, and baby shrieks so in the stores; and she—oh, I'll give her warning!—she left the baby with the boy while she went out to buy some peanuts. And when she came back the office was locked up, and I found her crying on the stairs. "Where is the angel? Oh, what have you done with him?"

I sat down on the stairs then. Professor Grill glared and said nothing. Shadrac told the awful tale.

He revealed to my wife that I had given my own babe to the city authorities, under the impression that it was a stranger; and as my wife was of the belief that this was a thing that once done, could not be undone, we had a fine time of it.

I don't like to recur to those moments when I made explanations to the authorities and excited their suspicion thereby.—Nor to the time spent in recovering the poor little one, who was already attired in a blue check slip and yellow flannel petticoat. But, after all, humiliating as all this was, it was nothing to what I afterwards endured from Mrs. P——, who, by the way, never could be brought to be on friendly terms with the professor again.

It is in vain to point out to her that babies are all exactly alike and that I did not notice what the child wore; she will not listen to reason.

MR. COOLEY'S HAT.—When Mr. Cooley came into church last Sunday, he placed his new high hat just outside the pew in the aisle. Presently Mrs. Pitman entered, and as she proceeded up the aisle, her abounding skirts scooped Cooley's hat and rolled it up nearly to the pulpit. Cooley pursued his hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Pitman took her seat, he walked back brushing the hat with his sleeve. A few moments later Mrs. Hopkins came into church, and as Cooley had again placed his hat in the aisle, Mrs. Hopkins' skirt struck it and swept it along about twenty-five feet, and left it lying on the carpet in a demoralized condition. Cooley was singing a hymn at the time, and he didn't miss it. But a moment later, when he looked over the end of the pew to see if it was safe, he was furious to perceive that it was gone. He skirmished up the aisle after it again, red in the face, and uttering sentences which were horribly out of place in the sanctuary. However, he put the hat down again and determined to keep his eye on it, but just as he had turned his head away for a moment, Mrs. Smiley came in, and Cooley looked around only in time to watch the hat being gathered in under Mrs. Smiley's skirts and carried away by them. He started in pursuit, and just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Smiley's ankles, for she gave a jump and screamed right out in church. When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said there must be a dog under her dress, and she gave her skirts a twist. Out rolled Cooley's hat, and Mr. Smiley, being very near sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediately kicked it so savagely that it flew up into the gallery and lodged upon the top of the organ. Cooley, perfectly frantic with rage, forgot where he was, and holding his clinched fist under Smiley's nose, he shrieked:—"I've half a mind to bust you over the snoot!" Then he flung down his hymn-book and rushed from the church. He went home bare-headed, and the sexon brought his humiliating hat around after dinner. After this, Cooley intends to go to Quaker meeting, where he can say his prayers with his hat on his head.—*Max Adeler.*

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—A patent medicine advertisement says, "This article will cure rheumatism of nineteen years' standing." As far as it goes, this is perfectly satisfactory; but we want light upon another view of the matter. Suppose a man's rheumatism is only of three years' standing, must he let it stand sixteen years more before the medicine will cure it? Or if it has stood twenty years is there no hope of a remedy? We want to know about this. It is going to be very unpleasant for a man to endure rheumatism for seventeen or eighteen years before he can take medicine for it.—*Max Adeler.*

AN old lady of a matter of fact turn of mind calls the cerebro spinal meningitis the serious final come and get us.

EARTHLY AFFLICTIONS.

A party of Southern ladies were assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly afflictions. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said, in a hollow voice:

"Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sun never shone on a lovelier one or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those black storms came on which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more: but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches upturned, trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish and disappear, and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it till an all-powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. All my worldly possessions were swept away, all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older evil companions won him away from his home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and at last, when heated by wine, one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it is such as I hope His mercy will save you from experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among the listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history taught them a useful lesson.

ABOUT A NEWSPAPER.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has the following sensible remarks regarding the management of a newspaper:

Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talent of its editor by the quantity of original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words—words upon any or all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and his labor understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform consistent course, its aims, manliness, its dignity and propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN.—When Napoleon was a small boy he was asked whether he could tell what nationality he was of, and he indignantly replied, "Of Corsican." When Chang and Eng was a small boy he was asked if he was a native of Siam, and he indignantly replied, "Of course Siam."

The Fellow that Looks Like Me.

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimmer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Reading the other day, and upon reaching the depot he happened to look into the ladies' room. A lady sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry, dear Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madame," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat; it excites remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said:

"Oh, Henry, how, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband?"

"Madame," screamed Slimmer, "if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom, and remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say."

"The children are here," she persisted. "They recognize their dear father. Don't you children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa, it's our dear pa."

And then they grappled Slimmer by the trowsers' leg and hung to his coat tail.

"Woman!" he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say."

And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the brakemen, and the baggage master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer—and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being on earth.

OLD WEASEL'S LAST POKER HAND.—The best poker hand we ever heard of was held by old Weasel the other night.—Weasel didn't know much about poker, but he wanted to learn, and every now and then (the party was playing euchre) he would show his cards and ask if that wasn't a good hand. Once or twice he bet, but somebody always beat him because he knew so little about the game.—After a while, as Weasel was dealing, and when he had thrown three cards around to each one, he stopped and looked at his three. He looked a good while. Then he got excited.

"Now I know this is a good hand.—I've learned something about poker in the last two hours, and I'll bet $25 on these cards. It's just the best hand I ever saw."

Jones had beaten Weasel on this sort of a banter already, and so he took up his cards. He had three aces—a pretty good hand for three cards. Nobody could have a full of fours, and his threes were the biggest in the deck. He bent a pitying smile on old Weasel, and said: "I think I've got something pretty good here, but I couldn't bet less than $50 on it. We're not playing poker, you know, and these outside issues are irregular. I bet $50."

"Done!" said old Weasel; "What have you got?"

They put up their money, and then Jones showed his hand.

"Here's three aces, you old mutton head! You can't beat that with any three cards on earth. You ought to know better than to—"

"Hold on," cried old Weasel, throwing down the king, ten, and seven of hearts. "That's a flush, ain't it? When you've got all of suit that's a flush, I believe; and a flush always beats threes. I don't know much about poker, but it seems to me I've got the best hand out of jail."

Jones had forgotten about flushes. In fact, the whole party rather underrated old Weasel because he was a religious man and not supposed to know anything about cards. But they kept a very watchful eye on him after that, and when he spoke of poker hands they all insisted on sticking to the game they were playing.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A WISCONSIN exchange states that Fond du Lac husbands have organized a crusade, and go about praying with milliners, begging them not to deal out to their wives and daughters the intoxicating spring bonnet and the ravishing pork-pie hat with ribbons on a side-dish.

AGRICULTURE A FRAUD.

The Cincinnati *Times* thus humorously goes for Agriculture:

The best fraud of earth is Agriculture. The deadliest *ignis fatuus* that ever glittered to beguile anddazzled to betray is Agriculture. I speak with feeling on the subject for I have been glittered and beguilded, and dazzled, and destroyed by this same arch deceiver.

No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then wept because he hadn't a grandfather to kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam $7 a barrel, had been cut down by bugs from the headwaters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winter killed and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black Spanish water-melons had been stolen by boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent picket fence, and written scurrilous doggery all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his fine French merinoes worth eight dollars a head, and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and thought he'd practice on Abel.

And Noah's getting drunk was not at all surprising. He had become a husbandman. He had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him "Quack;" and every family would have bought a bottle of "Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup." As a politician, he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates to every convention. As a lawyer, he would have been retained in every case tried at the Ark High Court of Admiralty. But he threw all these advantages and took to Agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bullrushes, and these at last became a drug in the market. What wonder that when he did get a half-peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Japhet's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

The fact is, Agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it; I'm a demon now. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, and chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the ducks, burdocks, the mulleins, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots—the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle.

DIABOLICAL DESIGNS ON WOOD.—To show how low and degraded country journalism has become we will cite this fact: Thirty years ago all these newspaper fiends went into cahoot, and started papers for the simple purpose of laying up enormous amounts of wood. For this purpose every country paper put this notice at the head of its local column:

WOOD WANTED.

We will take wood for subscription for this paper. Bring on your wood!

Yes, "bring on your wood!" Mark that! Now, what are these rascals doing? Why, they have been running newspapers for wood until they have got all the wood in the country in their own hands. And now wood is up—they've made a corner in it. "But," the reader will ask, "where is their market? What good will it do them?" Poor, ignorant souls! We'll tell you. After these country editors have got all the wood in the country into their own hands, what do they do? Why, they go to work, tooth and toe-nail, and advocate cremation!—They know perfectly well, just as soon as cremation becomes a part of American politics, every man will be trying it on his mother-in-law and wife's relations, and wood will go up to $100 a cord! Every one of these fiends will have this advertisement on one whole side of his paper:

TO CREMATIONISTS.

Ten millions cords of the best hickory, old and dry, just the thing for burning your dear ones in the quickest time possible.—Old exchanges, for kindling, thrown in gratis. Apply at this office.

Then these country editors will be rolling in wealth, instead of glue and molasses, and wouldn't no more think of exchanging with you than running a patent outside. Ah, this is a deep-laid plot!—*Sedalia Democrat.*

A YOUNG MAN "out in the country," not exactly of the country, tried milking a cow, and as he milked he smoked his cigar. He got on very well, as he believed, until he lowered his head and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed.—The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully "put out." The cow introduced about two tons' weight into one of her legs, and then passed it under the milker's left jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and myriads of stars had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man could put his hands to.

A FEW days ago a hungry party sat down at the well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this dish toward him, saying, apologetically:

"This is fast day with me."

His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking:

"Sir, do you suppose nobody has a sowl to be saved but yourself?"

AN IRISH VALENTINE.—Oh, Paddy, swate Paddy! if I was yer daddy; I'd kill ye with kisses entirely. To feel yer swate breath, I would starve me to death, an' lay off my bones altogether; to joost have a taste of yer arm on my waist, I'd laugh at the meanest weather. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own Valentine—ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we will spend to an illigent ind, and care may go dance with the divil.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - June 12, 1874.

Meeting of the County Committee.

The proceedings of the Democratic County Committee, which met at the Court House on Monday last, will be found in our local department. It will be seen that Mr. John Hannon, of Johnstown, was elected the additional delegate from this county to the Democratic State Convention at Pittsburgh, and that he and his colleague, ex-Sheriff Blair, were instructed to vote for ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, Esq., of this place as the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court. Our readers are aware that there are *two* additional Judges of the Court to be elected next November. And as under a provision in the new constitution no elector can vote for more than *one* candidate, it follows of course that both the Democratic and Republican nominees will be elected.

We have heretofore spoken favorably of the nomination of Mr. Johnston for reasons stated by us, which it is not especially necessary now to repeat,. The Supreme Court, as at present constituted, consists of *five* members—Judge Agnew, of Beaver county, (now Chief Justice,) Judge Williams, of Pittsburgh—both from the extreme western portion of the State—Judge Gordon, from Jefferson county, in the northwestern part of the State. Judge Mercur, from Bradford county, in the north, and Judge Sharswood, from Philadelphia. If the Republican State Convention should nominate, as its candidate, Judge Paxson, of Philadelphia, as it seems to be conceded it will, *his* election being a fixed fact, would give that city *two* members of the Court. An effort is being made to renominate Judge Ludlow, of the same city, who was the Democratic candidate against Gordon last fall, and if this movement should prove to be successful, then Philadelphia would have *three* judges of the Court and the north *one* and the west *three*, thus leaving the central or mountain region of the State without a voice on the bench of that Court. This would not be fair and would not be doing even-handed justice to the Democracy of the *interior* part of the commonwealth, and it seems to us that this consideration alone *ought* to have a controlling influence in the convention. Mr. Johnston's locality among "the frosty sons of thunder" is, therefore, a recommendation in his favor in the contest. He is known and admitted to be an able and accomplished lawyer and an honest man—one who could never be swayed from a faithful and conscientious discharge of his official duties by any personal, much less any base or improper consideration. We, therefore, renew our former recommendation in favor of his nomination and submit his name to the fair and impartial consideration of the Pittsburgh convention, knowing that no more competent or worthy candidate could be nominated.

JOHN P. JONES, a native of Wales, is one of the Republican United States Senators from the Silver State of Nevada.—His journey in life has been quite a romance, and if we had time or space in our paper we would give a history of his career. He is the richest member of the Senate, and although a Republican, is a *hard money* man. He delivered a speech a few weeks ago in the Senate on the subject of the finances of the county, which attracted very general attention for the reason that he announced views in direct hostility to the present financial policy of his party.—Last week he and some other Republican members of Congress had an interview with the President on this question, and Grant reduced his views to writing and gave them to Senator Jones for publication. We have not room to publish his letter, and will only say that it reads very much as if it had been written by James Buchanan, or some other Democratic President. In his letter to Senator Jones the President recommends the repeal of the legal tender act and a prompt and speedy return to specie payments.—This letter, or, as it is called, the *memorandum* of the ideas of the President, has caused a profound sensation in Washington and will split the Radical party in Congress into factions.

The Harrisburg *Patriot*, in referring to the letter of General Grant to Mr. Jones, says:

"The conversion of the President to this sound democratic doctrine will give new hope to the country. Had he five years ago acted on the principles enunciated to-day the legal tender act would have been annulled by a decision of the supreme court declaring its unconstitutionality. It is better late than never. We welcome the advent of the President upon a sound financial platform and trust that he may stand firm where he has planted himself in defiance of the great bulk of his party following."

AT the election held last March in New Hampshire for Governor and members of the Legislature, there was no choice by the people for the highest office under a singular provision of the constitution of the State, although Weston, the Democratic candidate, had more votes than his radical opponent. A third candidate, who represented the temperance party, polled enough votes to throw the election of Governor under the law into the hands of the Legislature. That body met at Concord on the 3d of this month and elected James A. Weston, the Democratic candidate, by a vote of 182 in his favor to 151 for McCutchins, Republican. The political revolution in New Hampshire is therefore complete and the ascendency of the Democracy in that State bids fair to be permanent, provided always, however, that they conduct the affairs of administration in the true interests of the people and not for their own personal and pecuniary interests.

HON. WM. A. WALLACE, having, it is said, declined to be a candidate for re-election to the State Senate, the Altoona *Sun* recommends its late editor, D. W. Moore, Esq., for that position. No more competent or more deserving man could have been named.

THE election in Oregon took place last Monday week, and, as usual, it was reported by telegraph that the Radical State ticket was elected. Complete returns, however, show that such was not the fact, and that Grover, the present Democratic Governor, was re-elected by a majority of 1000 over Tolman, Radical, and Campbell, Independent, and that A. L. Dow, Democrat, was elected to Congress. Thus Oregon in the far west sends greeting to her two redeemed and Democratic sisters in the extreme east, New Hampshire and Connecticut, and by her vote forecasts the downfall of the present national administration and the certain election of a Democratic President in 1876. The New York *World* of last Saturday, speaks of the result as follows:

In a country so sparsely settled and devoid of easy intercommunication as Oregon it may be expected that several days will elapse before complete returns of a general election can be received. From what is already known, however, and estimating the vote in the far eastern counties, where the Democrats largely preponderate, our correspondent at the State capital felt warranted in telegraphing yesterday that the entire Democratic State and Congressional ticket was elected by upwards of 1000 majority.

This result, which is confirmed by the Associated Press despatch this morning, had been anticipated in *The World*. In view of the present condition of our politics it was idle for anybody to expect anything else. The country is moving by a common impulse towards a Democratic restoration, and it would have been strange indeed if Oregon had been laggard. The States of New Hampshire and Connecticut, in which, the Republicans have maintained a mastery for twenty years, were during the past spring swept into the general current, and Oregon, whose recent antecedents have been Democratic, could do no less than stay in it.

The most significant feature of the result in Oregon is the complete failure of the so-called Independent movement. Our newspaper friends who from imperative motives of self-respect have been forced to abandon the support of the Republican organization, but whose eyes have not yet perceived the true path, hoped much from it. The result shows, just as we predicted that it would last week, that the new party was third in the contest. It demonstrates that a third party is not wanted by the people. The Democrats find that within their own organization every patriotic aspiration of their hearts can be satisfied, and the discontented Republicans are learning very fast that the salvation of the country must be accomplished by the same organization, and that a gathering of heterogenous elements with no common purpose in view, and calling itself an independent party, can never do it. There are conventions about to be held in Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas to organize this third party, but the movement in those States will have no more favorable result than that in Oregon. When the time for voting comes, sensible men who are anxious to defeat the party in power will not throw their votes away upon an impossible cause.

Mr. George A. La Dow, who has been successful on the Congressional ticket, is the first member elect of the Forty-fourth Congress. He is a Democrat, and his election may be regarded as prophetic of the political complexion of that body.

HON. W. A. WALLACE read an address on Thursday last in Philadelphia, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the University of Pennsylvania, which concludes as follows:

As the end and aim of good government is the happiness of our species, so the objective point of real education is the thorough knowledge and practical training of the faculties and powers of man. The Greek legend, "know thyself," is as truly the embodiment of wisdom now as it was three thousand years ago. Skill in the natural sciences is not the highest attainment possible to our powers, nor is the practical application of the wonderful discoveries therein the noblest field for the exercise of our faculties. The study of the world of matter, its mighty agencies and its hidden forces, teaches us their control and enables us to grasp their secrets, and wield their powers for our personal advantage or for the material development of our land or nation. Through the knowledge here obtained we may make the rich valleys and the rugged mountains of the State teem with an industrious and prosperous people, and cities, towns and hamlets to dot her surface in every section. We may thus harness the elements and compel them to aid us in dragging riches from the earth; may cause valley and mountain, river and hillside to echo with the shriek of the engine, and evidences of energy, of industrial enterprise and of valuable production to be everywhere apparent. Beyond and above such study and such results, for it includes them all and infinitely more, stands the study of our powers and capacities—of our true relations to creation and to Almighty Power. To learn to fathom these, to measure and to guide them, is to fit man to rightly wield his sceptre as the central figure of creation. Anatomy, surgery and medicine bring us into intimate relation with our own being; they grasp our physical nature and tell us of the form or aid to reconstruct the casket that contains the jewel—the immortal soul. Other sciences tell of the world, but fail to show us how we are connected with it; these point out the law of our existence and show us the wondorous mechanism of our bodies. They teach us all we know of the mysterious connection of nerve and will, of brain and thought, of body and soul; they traverse the shadow land between a life and death, and with cautious step seek for facts upon which they themselves advance and from which reason, philosophy and skepticism weave their ingenious theories. Ages of toil enable them to tell us what we are and by their aid reason and philosophy will yet be enabled to sound the depths of our powers and to prove us possessed of faculties that fit us for unlimited progress. With firm hand, praying eye and careful step they onward move, constructing with patient toil the podestal upon which rests the superstructure—man's knowledge of himself.

THE time fixed by the Democratic County Committee, at its meeting at the Court House last Monday, for the election of delegates to the next County Convention is Saturday, Sept. 19th—the Convention to meet on the following Monday. Although this may seem to be a late day on which to hold the delegate elections and for the meeting of the County Convention, we fully and heartily endorse it, and we will keep a column open in the FREEMAN from this day until the meeting of the County Convention in order to enable all the candidates for the different county offices to announce their names. If a man *is* or *pretends* to be a candidate, he ought not to be afraid to say so and to announce it publicly in the Democratic newspapers of the county, so that the members of the party may know and fully understand for whom they are voting at the delegate elections. We recommend each and every candidate to show his hand and let the people understand their political aspirations.

THE United States Senate seems determined to annoy newspaper publishers as much as possible, in its postage regulations. The bill reported in that body requires publishers and not subscribers to prepay postage. Under this arrangement they must pay and then collect from subscribers.

Our Missionaries in Mexico.

We certainly intend nothing derogatory to the character or the motives of either our Methodist or Presbyterian fellow-citizens when we say that it is possible to conceive of a better training for influence with a Spanish-American people than that which goes to make a worthy and faithful British or American disciple of John Knox or of John Wesley. There are a great many excellent men among the native Catholic priests of countries like Mexico and Peru. All intelligent travelers from the days of John T. Stephens to our own have borne witness to this fact, to the hospitality, the kindness, the furtherance of their scientific researches, which they have met with from the better class of "padres" in these countries. But we are very sure that if the Roman College for the Propagation of the Faith were called upon to select missionaries who should be sent into New England for the purpose of reclaiming the children of that stiff-necked and rebellious generation the Puritans, who cheered stout Endicott when he cut out the cross from the standard of England, the Roman College for the Propagation of the Faith would not go at once to Jalisco or Guatemala in quest of them. It is one thing to send missionaries from one Christian country in which a particular form of Christianity predominates into another Christian country in which a totally different form of Christianity predominates. The latter is infinitely the more delicate and difficult operation of the two. It requires on the part of those who undertake it not only apostolic zeal but diplomatic tact and discretion. If these be lacking the apostolic zeal of the missionary will be but too likely we fear to retard than to advance his work. It is by no means clear to us that the Methodist missionaries who have thrown themselves with a perfectly praiseworthy earnestness into the field opened to Protestant enterprise and conviction by the triumph of liberal principles in Mexico have been wholly fortunate in these essential particulars. We have been obliged to chronicle already one melancholy case of a religious riot in a remote town of the State of Jalisco, resulting in the brutal assassination of an American missionary and of a Mexican Protestant convert who was living with him. In that case it was clear enough that an ignorant village priest had aggravated if he had not excited the anger of the mob against "heretics." The Mexican Governor intervened, as our readers will remember, promptly and resolutely to put down the uproar and to punish the assassins. But though the unfortunate missionary in this instance merits all our sympathy, it is by no means certain that he may not have contributed by unwisdom on his part to the popular fury to which he fell a victim. The last mails from Mexico bring us a strong but temperate protest in the columns of the *Monitor*, a Mexican journal of the capital, against what is described as the denunciatory and vituperative language about Mexico and the Mexcans used by an American missionary preaching in the metropolis. The Mexican journalist very courteously but very decidedly reminds the missionary of whom he complains that it is no more decent to hold all Mexico responsible for the murder of the unhappy Mr. STEVENS and his proselyte at Almaluco that it would have been to hold all MASSACHUSETTS responsible for the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown in that State, and the expulsion of the nuns in a freezing winter's night. Another Mexican journal remonstrates also with still another missionary for converting his Protestant pulpit into a political rostrum, from which he lectures the Mexican people on the principles of government and on the federal system as practised in the United States. As we have said, the language used by both of these organs of Mexican public opinion is most moderate and becoming. They do not allude to the matter in any spirit of bigotry or with the apparent purpose of "making a point" either against Protestanism or the missionaries of Protestantism. Indeed, in both instances these journals happen to represent not the clerical or church party of Mexico at all but the liberals, to whose victory it is due that there are now any Protestant missionaries at all at work in Mexico. All that they insist upon is the obvious indecorum either of abusing a country at large for the faults of a particular province or town, or of offering to instruct an independent people in the theory and practice of their own forms of government within a few months after the first coming of the would-be instructors among them. There are many things no doubt in the political administration of Mexico which must strike a newly landed American clergyman as deplorable and fit to be corrected. So, too, no doubt there are many things in the political administration of the United States which must strike a newly landed English clergyman as deplorable and fit to be corrected. The condition of SOUTH CAROLINA, given up to be pilaged by thieves of all colors, or of ARKANSAS, fought for in the streets of her capital by the armed bands of two rival rogues claiming each to be her lawful lord and Governor, might well arouse the attention of such a visitor. But what should we think of the newly landed English clergyman if he proceeded to deliver a lecture from the pulpit of Trinity Church on the corruptions and scandals of American public life? Let us try to put ourselves into the case of our Mexican neighbors. Of course, the lives even of the least judicious of Americans travelling or sojourning in Mexico must be held sacred and protected. The Mexican Government has shown no lack of alacrity in doing its duty on this head, however, and we are perhaps undeservedly fortunate in having a Minister now at the Mexican capital, Mr. FOSTER, who may be safely relied upon to watch faithfully over the performance by the Mexican Government of this and of all its duties to American citizens within its jurisdiction. But it can do no harm for our representatives, as well religious as political, in Mexico to remember that when you go about to induce a man in his own house to change his religion or to improve his *cuisine*, it is desirable to refrain from defiling his household gods, and from using his soup tureen as a vessel of dishonor.—*N. Y. World*.

FOLLOWING is the act passed by the last Legislature fixing the compensation of County Commissioners:

SECTION 1. That the pay of the county commissioners of the different counties in this State shall be three dollars per day for each day actually employed in attending to the duties of their said office, and the said per diem shall be computed from the first day of January, Anno Domino one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four: Provided, That the provisions of this act shall not apply to commissioners already elected and in office, nor to counties having over one hundred and fifty thousand population.

GEO. COLE, of Carbondale, got himself into difficulty in trying to get himself out. He was said to have spoken lightly of a married lady. He went to see her to make explanations, whereat he was seized and dangerously tarred and feathered. He lies doubtful of recovery, particularly as to his eyes; and two of his assailants lie in jail. The explanation is deferred perhaps till court sits; perhaps permanently.

THE two radical conventions of Allegheny county on Tuesday endorsed the salary grab from top to bottom.

A PERSEVERING GERMAN WOOER.—The Smyrna (Del.) *Time* rel tes the following story: "There is enough of romance connected with the marriage which we publish this week to cram a three-hundred page novel, if some sensation writer only had the text. Miss Fisher, the bride named in the notice (sister of Mr. Oscar Fisher, jeweler), is a modest, cheery little German girl, who for nearly six years has been a resident of our town. Nine years ago Mr. Kleemann, on a visit to his home in Germany, after gaining a clever competency in the gold mines of California, met Miss Nathalie in her father's home in the little city of Ostrowa—where both were reared—he a bachelor of thirty, she a school girl below sweet sixteen. Mr. Kleemann would daily visit Mr. Fisher, to tell him of the wonders of America, and while so doing his heart went out after the little school girl. He proposed. She, or her parents for her, declined by reason of her age. He left for America, with no abatement in his passion, however.

Two years later the Fishers also came to America to join Oscar, the young lady's brother, who had settled in this town.—Mr. Kleemann happened to be in Philadelphia while the family were there, en route for Smyrna. Again he met Miss Nathalie and pressed his suit with more earnestness, but she, not yet satisfied as to her age and the advisability of the change of situation, still declined. So for the second time they separated—he for California, she for Smyrna. For nearly six years they remained thus far apart, until Friday, 22d ult., while Miss Nathalie was looking from her brother's store window, she espied her suitor in the pilotage of Mr. Houlston, one of our spry old widowers, who was directing Mr. Kleemann to her abode. The marriage notice finalises the story.

"After a courtship summed up in three interviews in nine years, 'the twain are made one,' and left Philadelphia for their home in San Francisco on Thursday last. In the six years that intervened between the second and third interviews, the coy maiden refused a second suitor, hoping to accept the offer she had twice refused before. And she did."

A HERO ENGINEER.—There are heroes filling private stations, braver than ever poetry sung or romance recorded. Our workshops and our fields can produce men who are more entitled to the spurs than any knight who ever won them in the field of battle, or shivered lance in the tourney. Every day brings to our notice the act of some brave man, who, in the discharge of his simple duties, displays more true heroism than many of those whom history has recorded as "fighting like Richard Lionheart and dying like Philip Sidney." One of these examples comes from Bellefonte, and in these words is told the story of Ed. Nolan's bravery.

"A little child lay down on the Snow-shoe railroad a day or two ago and went to sleep. The train was thundering along at a furious rate, when Conductor Ed. Nolan discovered the little one sleeping peacefully, with its tiny arms thrown over the rail a short distance ahead. To stop the train in time to save the child was impossible, so over the top of the cars flew the conductor. In a moment he was on the cow-catcher; in another twinkling of an eye there was a spring, the heavy train dashed by like the wind, and down the bank, with somebody's household pet in his arms, rolled brave Ned. Nolan. There were none but the train hands present to note this heroic action, but neither the grass, nor the rocks, nor the mountains could hide it from the eye that never sleeps, and upon the pages of Heaven's book there was no brighter mark that day, than that which went to the credit of that gallant conductor."

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.—TWENTY-ONE DWELLINGS DESTROYED.—A dispatch dated Tampico, Ill., June 7th, says: A terrible tornado passed over this village last night, making a complete wreck of it.—Wonderful to say, no lives were lost though a number of persons were injured, several seriously. Twenty-one dwellings were totally destroyed and every house in the town more or less damaged. The elevator of Glass, Horn & Bryant, containing 12,000 bushels of grain, and that of Beach containing 500 bushels, were totally destroyed, and the depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad were badly damaged. The most serious casualities are those of Mrs. J. G. Gates, leg broken in two places; Marie Banes, jaw broken and dangerously injured; another Miss Gates, severely bruised; Mrs. Pearsoll badly injured; Mrs. Gales, shoulder broken; Granville Conner, badly hurt about the head; J. G. Gates, bruised seriously. A number of others were injured, but none seriously. We cannot estimate the amount of damage yet. The people are hunting up and gathering together what little the storm had left them. The tornado struck us at 11:10, and was accompanied by rain and severe thunder and lightning. The storm came from the west, and lasted but a few minutes. As soon as information of the calamity reached the officers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad they volunteered a special train which has just arrived, bringing Drs. Edwards and Cook from Mendota to our assistance.

CAUGHT BY A "FROG."—Near the City of Detroit a man by the name of McArthur was crossing a railroad track when his foot caught fast in a "frog," and his efforts to extricate it were of no avail. His boot fitted so closely that he could not draw his foot out, and at length he could hardly move his leg for pain. He found that he must either be run over by the next train or make known his situation.—He shouted himself hoarse, but no one came. After having been a prisoner for upwards of an hour he heard the whistle. He had a match-box in his pocket, papers in his bundle, and the idea came to him to signal the train. Tearing the papers off his bundle, and getting at some letters, he rolled them into a heap, and for fear that the flame would die out too suddenly he added his clothes. The bundle was then made fast to the end of his walking-stick, and he waited until the headlight of the locomotive should appear. It finally greeted his vision and he struck his match, but a gust of wind blew it out! Another match was struck, and in an instant he waved his signal back and forth, and just when he thought death was certain he heard the whistle for brakes. He was saved, but the engine had only thirty feet more to go to crush him. The fireman came forward, got a crowbar and released him, and he was taken back to the caboose.

AN amusing incident occurred on a train in New York State, recently. A newly married couple entered the car and took a seat. The husband wanting to smoke, left his wife and went into the smoking car. The bride began to dose, and while she slept a stranger entered the car, and, as it was crowded, quietly took a seat beside the young wife. Shortly she began to nod, and doubtless imagining that her husband was still in the seat, gently reclined toward the stranger, and soon her head fondly nestled on his breast. At this juncture the husband returned. He stood in mute astonishment in the aisle until the lady awoke, and, realizing the situation, drew back in amazement, suffused with blushes. Stranger explained, the husband was satisfied, and wife tried hard to appear unconcerned.

A NOBLE CHARITY.—The will of J. Edgar Thomson, if it can be carried out according to the intentions of the testator, will cause a very noble charity to be founded. We know of no class of people, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, who are so much entitled to the kindly consideration and the sympathy of the public as the employees of railroads, engaged, as they are, in a very dangerous and poorly-paid calling. To their skill and vigilance we are indebted for the safety and comfort we enjoy in traveling. We confess to having always entertained a high appreciation of the obligations we are under to the engine-driver, for exposing himself to peril, for encountering the heat of the day and and the storm and darkness of the night, condemned to constant watchfulness, separated from his family, never enjoying a comfortable meal, and compensated for all this service and danger with less than a thousand dollars a year. It is a small reward for so great exposure and risk.

We are glad that one who had so full a knowledge of the merits and sufferings of all who are employed on railroad trains has seen fit to testify his appreciation of them, by the dedication of two million dollars to the support and education of the female children of those who are killed while in the performance of their duty. We fear, however, that in the weakness of his last moments Mr. Thomson has practically nullified the provisions of his carefully considered will. His affection for his niece induced him to add a codicil in which he declared his desire that in the settlement of his estate she should be considered as though she was his daughter.—Under this testament, the lady, if she is disposed to take all the advantage which the law gives her, may very well claim, we think, that she inherits, after the death of Mrs. Thomson, the whole property. We presume, however, that Mr. Thomson knew her and was satisfied that she would not take more from his estate than she thought he would like her to have. We do not doubt therefore that the will will be carried out according to its manifest intent.

PROFITS OF SHEEP FARMING IN NEBRASKA.—The farmer who settles on the fertile prairie of Nebraska, should make "live-stock" a watchword. A correspondent in that State sends us the following encouraging "showing," made by Mr. Myers, of Gage county, a sheep farmer, who has been about four years in Nebraska. Gage county is in the southern portion of the State; and a branch of the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad runs through it. The land is good and the natural grasses sweet and nutritive; but it is no more than a fair average of Nebraska, south of the Platte.

Mr. Myers thus "figures" the problem of sheep farming in Nebraska, with a flock of 1,000 head;—100 tons of hay, costing $3.00 per ton for putting up, $300; 500 bushels of sheaf oats, $100; shepherding for 8 months, $150; wages of one man for 4 months, $100; do., one month $30; washing, shearing and packing wool, $200; salt, $35; shedding for winter, $50; looses at two per cent., $70—total, $1,035. By 4,500 lbs. of wool, at 40c. per lb., $1,800; 400 lambs, at $2.50, $1,000; total, $2,800.

Mr. Myers considers his allowance for expenses very liberal. He charges hay at too high a figure; and the percentage of loss is not generally so large as stated, as sheep are subject to no disease whatever, on the Nebraska prairie. One man also could take charge of a flock of a thousand during the summer months; and, in winter, one boy could feed them, as it is best to let the sheep run to the hay all the time, and the oats are to be fed in the sheaf. Mr. Myers further claims that if a farmer will do most of his work himself, hiring help only when it is necessary—for harvesting hay, shearing, &c., the sheep will pay him $3.00 per head, as against $2.00 when help is hired liberally. Mr. Myers estimates his sheep to be worth $3.50 each. On 1,000 sheep the investment would be $3,500; and as the net profit shown above amounts to $1,765, the return on the investment is over 50 per cent.

A MOST peculiar case, as reported, is that of the murderer, Charles Eggler, a German, seventeen years old, who killed Estie Conking, fourteen years old, in Cayuga county, New York. The murdered girl was an orphan, who had been taken from the asylum and adopted by an aged couple living on a farm in the southern part of the county. Eggler was employed as farm hand by the old couple. One Saturday, in April, 1873, the old people went to a neighboring village, leaving the house in charge of the girl. In the absence of the farmer and his wife, the murder was committed, there being about a dozen knife stabs on her person. According to Eggler's story, the girl Ettie had teased him, as was her habit, refusing him anything to eat, jeering him with his ignorance of English, and, finally, in the heat of the quarrel, seized a knife and flourished it. She was large and strong, and he says he feared for his life. In the struggle which followed he stabbed her repeatedly and escaped, leaving her to be found dead on the return of the farmer and his wife. Being about to be hung on June 5, he was, after one refusal of respite or commutation by the Governor, conditionally pardoned, notwithstanding. It seems that the treaty with Germany as to criminals is that a subject may be taken home for punishment for any crime—which is just what is to be done with Eggler.—But as the law of Baden, from whence he came, spares from death those who commit capital offenses under the age of eighteen, Eggler will have to be punished in some other way. The efforts of his counsel, through the German Minister at Washington and Governor Dix, have saved his life after all. He has been brought to New York, and will be imprisoned in Baden until sentence is pronounced in that country.

A WOMAN'S PERIL WITH A SNAKE.—A lady residing near Coopertown, Tenn., had a very unpleasant adventure with a snake the other day. She had just stepped into the edge of a grove when she felt something moving about her right foot. Stooping forward to see what it was, a large adder struck her in the breast, his fangs fastening in the bosom of her dress. It then dropped back, and she discovered that she was standing on the reptile's tail. Her first impulse was to run, but before she could move the snake had begun coiling itself around her ankle. With great presence of mind, she seized an opportune moment to place her left foot on the reptile's head. There she stood, one foot upon the head of the snake and nearly his whole length coiled around her other ankle. She was too far away from any one to summon help and she was compelled to undergo the loathsome ordeal of unwinding the coils that the monster had thrown around her. This she succeeded in doing, the snake meantime writhing and twisting with all its power. She then by a quick movement, dashed its head against a tree, and while it lay stunned, pounded its head to a jelly with a stone. For several hours afterward her hands and arms were much swollen and of a dark color, but this soon passed away.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT may be used to advantage where any Liniment is desirable. In cases of severe cramps and pains in the stomach, it is undoubtedly the best article that can be used internally.

News and Political Items.

—The richest man in Mississippi to-day is a negro who in 1860 was a slave.

—The Pope was well enough to receive the American pilgrims on Thursday.

—An Indian tribe, in Michigan, is said to consist of an old horse, a chief, and a demijohn of whisky.

—Shartlesville, Berks county, has a hog weighing 175 pounds, that has eight distinct feet, two on each leg.

—At a fire in Rutland, Vt., on Tuesday, the body of a woman, covered with stab wounds, was dragged from the flames.

—An explosion of a boiler on Saturday morning in the Ashton (New York) Salt Mills killed two men and wounded two others.

—Macon, Miss., is willing to make affidavit that an African bride within its limits is nursing her first-born babe at the age of sixty.

—At East Worcester, N. Y., on Monday morning, several houses and barns were carried off by the giving way of dams. No lives were lost.

—A Pennsylvania lady has shown her flattering preference for her husband by returning to his bosom for the sixth time after eloping with other gentlemen.

—The Earl of Granard has been nominated Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Pius IX. Lord Granard is a convert to the Catholic religion.

—A pious old gentleman in Georgia "has never sworn an oath," and has thirteen grown-up and unmarried daughters. Moral: Even profanity may possibly have advantages.

—A car-load of prairie hay was recently sent from Chicago to Liverpool, via Philadelphia. It is the intention of the English importers to test the possibility of using this material for paper-making.

—John L. Hays, Esq., of Mt. Jackson, Lawrence county, during three days last week killed 827 potato bugs, which he found on seventeen vines. The largest haul made at one time was 153.

—Governor Hartranft issued death warrants on Tuesday last for the execution of the two negroes, Lewis Rosenstine and John Moody, in Harrisburg, July 9th, for the murder of Abraham Bebm, near Middletown, last November.

—A body was disinterred at Rutland, Vt. recently, which was found to be petrified. The deceased was buried in 1872, and then weighed about 150 pounds. The body, it is said, now weighs upwards of one thousand pounds.

—For marrying Miss Rogers, who is thirteen years old, Thomas Reedy, of Rowley, Mass., has been sent to the State prison for four years. Technically, it was a case of abduction; and Reedy had already three wives living.

—The farmers of ten counties of Iowa and Minnesota are fleeing from the grasshoppers. It is feared that the destructive insects will extend their ravages this year throughout a much larger district than they occupied last summer.

—A resident of Wilkes-Barre is building a house without frame, weather boards, or plastering. It is made simply of 3 by 4 inch scantling, planed and grooved for a separate tongue and these placed on the edge and nailed down securely.

—It was reported Saturday, that twenty persons were drowned while sailing and fishing on Oneida Lake, and seven persons in Onondaga Lake. One of the most terrific thunder storms ever known prevailed in that vicinity that afternoon and evening.

—An ancient rifle was found imbedded in the bank of a creek in Greene county, recently, and on examination it was found to have belonged to the celebrated Indian hunter, Lewis Wetzel. The relic is in the possession of Thomas Bradley, of Waynesburg.

—Five members of the volunteer fire department of Williamsport, arrested on suspicion of being incendiaries, have confessed to burning nearly all the property, amounting to over a million dollars, destroyed there since the great fire of August, 1871.

—The Earl of Yarborough disappeared mysteriously from the House of Lords last week and has not been heard of since.—When Chandler and Carpenter fail to respond to the yeas and nays in the Senate nobody thinks of calling it a mysterious disappearance.

—Miss Sarana Neff, daughter of Mr. Joel Neff, of Slatington, Lehigh county, a young miss of near 12 years of age, weighs 180 pounds. She stands 4 feet 10 inches in height, and measures 4 feet 4 inches around the shoulders, and 3 feet around the waist.

—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee writes to the Richmond *Enquirer* in contradiction of some of its statements that Gen. Butler's treatment of him, while a prisoner in his hands, "was as humane and considerate as the circumstances under which he was held would admit of."

—The New York *Herald*, commenting on President Grant's memorandum on the currency, praises its boldness and wisdom, and thinks Congress at its next session will be constrained to accept the financial policy of General Grant as the only means of saving the Republican party.

—A steamer from Europe, which recently arrived in Boston, had among the steerage passengers a family of Italians, aged as follows: Father 47, mother 43, with fifteen children, aged as follows: 23, 22, 20, 19, 17, 16, 15, 13, 11, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. Twelve were boys and three girls.

—Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, has written a second letter on the civil rights bill, in which he reiterates the objections to it which he mentioned in his former letter to the Colored Men's Convention. He calls the section providing for mixed schools "an oppressive and abominable usurpation."

—They tell of a hen which floated down the raging tide at Mill River, for some distance, in the barrel where she was laboriously "covering" nineteen eggs. She attended strictly to business during the flood, finally brought up in a friendly harbor, and has since left her barrel with nineteen chickens at her heels.

—A lady died recently in Penobscot county, Maine, who had long feared her body would be exhumed and dissected by the doctors, and she left $60 to pay a man for watching her grave every night for a month after she was buried. The provisions of her bequest were carried out, and every night the watchman is at his post.

—Civil service reform has turned up in an unexpected quarter. Collector Simmons has, by a stroke of his pen, combined the functions of weighers, gaugers and measurers, so that now one man can do the work of three, and discharged twenty-four custom-house clerks, to the disgust and surprise of the smaller politicians of Boston.

—The St. Louis *Republican* has a poor opinion of Rochefort, which it expresses in this way: "He has never been anything but an agitator, an agrarian, a Fourierite socialist, a common stabber at all religion, a Communist, an iconoclast, a Nero blatherskiting of liberty, while the brands of the petroleuses were firing the historic grandeur of Paris."

—In Sabtha, Kansas, recently, a dog ran into a stable and bit a very valuable horse. The owner of the horse, rather than kill the bitten animal, doctored it. The horse was seized with hydrophobia, broke out of the stable and killed a man, seriously injured another, and at last accounts was in a fair way to depopulate any small town that might lie in his way.

—Mrs. Ann Vanderburg of Glenco was mortally burned while kindling a fire with coal-oil on Sunday night. Her husband, mother, and husband were badly burned while tearing the burning clothes off her. The victim was only seventeen years old and was married on Tuesday of last week.

—We have the New York *Sun* assurance that no French or English women of cultivation now-a-days wear corsets below her knees. The vertebræ sink there beneath the muscles, and those veins, cold feet and even palpitation of the heart may be brought on by a garter in the wrong place. When fastened above the knee all this pain and deformity may be avoided.

—Bear Lake, Idaho, boasts of a mosquito not more than five or six feet long, covered with fur or short hair of a light snuff color. The face of the animal is very wide between the eyes and tapers to the nose, with very full blue eyes, ears like those of a horse, but scarcely long. It did not look ferocious, and moved slowly, diving and coming up again.

—In 1770 the bride of a governor of Pennsylvania, who had to get her linen from England, sent the following order: "A fine domestic cloth for twenty shillings; needles, No. 5 to 10; 6 pairs black calma shoes, eight dozen garters, and a handsome spring silk." She also included the sending of a gown to be dyed over "of any color which would look best."

—The New York *Herald* says: "Western crusaders seem to have drawn the green curtain down. While at the theatre they attracted a great deal of attention to the general subject of temperance, and doubtedly accomplished some good. The trouble with such an eccentric movement, however, is that the ladies can practice on the sidewalk in pleasant weather only, and the rumseller can deal in liquor all the year round.

—Jeffersonville, Indiana, had a sad tragedy on Saturday evening—a saloon keeper named McDermott shooting his wife and child, and then himself. McDermott, remarks the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, must have been insane. Otherwise, instead of committing suicide he would have preserved the thread of his own life and simply plead insanity when taken before the jury. As there was domestic infelicity in the case this would have just suited.

—On the old Malon property in Whiteland township, and now owned by Mr. Davis Ruth, says the West *Jeffersonian*, stands a large apple tree which was very full of blossoms, and prominent among these is one which at present writing is in full bloom, whilst the others have disappeared. The leaves are about 3 inches long and 1¾ inches wide, making a circle 9 inches in diameter; it appears to have a substance in the center, but resembles a white rose in full bloom.

—A heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain visited Troy, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon. During its continuance the iron span of the new iron bridge across the Hudson to West Troy was either blown down or struck by lightning, and fell into the river struck four canal boats lying at the dock under it. There were no persons in the boats, all of whom were exposed to have escaped. The boats were loaded with iron ore. The span of the bridge was 240 feet long. Loss $40,000.

—Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, through his official organ, the *Catholic Telegraph*, thus gives the cause of the recent meeting of prelates in the city. The main object of the visit was to decide the cities where they thought it expedient to have Metropolitan Sees erected by the Sovereign Pontiff. It is understood Santa Fe, New Mexico, Milwaukee, Louisville, Philadelphia, and Boston, in addition to the choice of the Bishops who met in Cincinnati. Peoria, Illinois, is also recommended for an Episcopal see.

—The town of Winchendon, Mass., is in serious fears of the great dam at Lake Monack pond. This great sheet of water, covering twenty-five hundred acres, in places often twenty feet deep supplies much of the water for the mills, though a large quantity comes from North Ashburnham. The dams are built near together, and in order to restrain the floods, one a few feet higher than the other. Should a freshet occur, it is believed that Winchendon would be destroyed. The water in the pond is now high, so that the road near its banks has been raised.

—Last Monday night an explosion occurred at No. 1 shaft, Nanticoke, Luzerne county, burning three men and one boy to the breaker, which was soon in flames. While fighting the flames, some timbers fell upon William Yeisley, killing him instantly. Alex. Ale, Charles Hawley Walsh, Thomas Lowell, Tom Manus, Henry Reimensnyder and Jack Krebs, of the gang who were also engaged in fighting the fire, were overcome by smoke and had to be carried from the mine. The first two were insensible when brought to the fresh air, and have since died. The others are doing well.

—A letter from Rome, speaking of the Vatican, says that a curious fact in the record of is that one frequently hears in the United States praised for their liberal treatment of Catholics, both now and in the past, few exceptions in the whole course of its history. The priests say that what the Catholic Church has lost in Europe during the past two centuries has been more than made up by what it has gained in the New World. The first steps have been taken, and before long beatification will be followed by canonization, and stowed by the Catholic Church upon the name of Christopher Columbus. The examination of his title to Catholic honors has been, for some time, by command of the Pope, engaged the attention of the Congregation of canon law. The claim is founded upon a great act—little less than that of the creation—by which Columbus enlarged the boundaries of the Christian world.

—An escape from death as wonderful as any ever related by the genius of romance was made by an individual on the Chicago and Milwaukee Road a few nights since, as chronicled by the *Free Press* of that city. It seems that an unknown man had permitted to ride on top of a freight car on his representation that he had no money to pay his way to Grand Rapids, but was willing to do anything he was called upon to do in compensation. The brakeman, when he got to tell him of the several bridges that were on the route; and about midnight when the engineer, having discovered cattle on the road, whistled "down brakes," the brakeman was the first up from the caboose, and started running forward over the cars, he suddenly observed the dark form of a man lying above. There was scarcely time to think, and as by instinct, he sprang off the car, and striking within a foot of the over-hanging structure, and striking a sloping embankment, rolled down and rolled to the track, where the wheels caught his boot heel, tearing it off close

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JUNE 12, 1874.

Announcements.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

JACOB S. KEIL,

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP,

subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized by Mr. NATHANIEL HORNE, of Johnstown, to announce his name as *one* of the candidates for Assembly from this county under the provisions of the new constitution. Of course Mr. HORNE submits his claims to the convention and will, like all good Democrats, submit and abide by the decision.

PROTHONOTARY.

The undersigned will be a candidate before the County Convention for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to the rules of the Democratic party, and hopes to be considered worthy the support of his party friends for that position. A. J. CHRISTY.

Ebensburg, June 9, 1874.*

COMMISSIONER.

Possessing the same indomitable right to be elected or rejected, as the case may be, for the office of County Commissioner that is possessed by "any other man," the subscriber hangs his banner on the outer wall and declares his readiness to serve the "dear people" to the best of his ability, provided, and provided only, that the approaching County Convention see fit to place his name on the Democratic ticket. JOHN SHARBAUGH.

Summit, June 10, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

DUTIES OF THE COUNTY COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Democratic County Committee held in the Court House, in this place, on Monday last, in pursuance of a call issued by Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., Chairman, he was elected President of the meeting, with Gallitzin Lake, Esq., as Secretary, the following proceedings were had:

John Hannan, Esq., of Johnstown, was unanimously chosen as the additional delegate to the State Convention.

Col. John P. Linton, of Johnstown, John Fox, Esq., of Carrolltown, and H. J. Rads, Esq., of Chest Springs, were appointed substantial conferees, to meet like conferees of Blair county, to chose a Senatorial delegate to the State Convention,.

It was moved, that the delegates to the State Convention from this county were instructed for Hon. J. Johnston, Esq., of Ebensburg, for Democratic candidate for Supreme Judge.

That Saturday, the 19th day of September, was fixed as the time for holding the delegate election, and the Monday following as the place for holding the County Convention.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—The cherry crop promises to be a big one.

—The handsomest girl in Ebensburg is a newspaper carrier. She carries them in her smile.

—It is noted as an encouraging fact that the grasshopping nuisance has somewhat abated of late.

—Seventy-five per hundred for killing potato bugs was the harvest some of the urchins in this county reaped last week.

—The next Altoona sensation is to be a horse race, June 20th, for $200, between two gentlemen named Redman and Reese.

—A large red fox was seen on the line of the P. & C. Railroad, about one mile from Johnstown, on Sunday last. Go for him!

—A glorious rain reached us at last yesterday morning. It came down with a vim, and was somewhat tinctured with chills.

—Three quarts of potato bugs before breakfast is considered the measure of a man's exterminating capacity in Bedford.

—Rev. E. Coll, of Johnstown, fell while in the act of alighting from a buggy, on Monday evening last, and broke her left limb at the ankle.

—A black snake four feet ten inches in length, by actual measurement, was killed on the railroad station in this place on Sunday last.

—A letter from "Rob Roy" reached us too late for this week's issue. More's the pity, for in it will be none the less interesting next week.

—A fire bell has just been purchased for the county almshouse, our Republican friends should not soon have something to say about the "Poor House *ring*."

—Bucks heat flour strewn upon the vines, it is alleged, will save them from the depredations of the potato bugs. Planting a few rows of buckwheat in each potato hill is recommended.

—The Latrobe *Advance* brings the blush of modesty to our cheek by announcing that Miss Sarah Lynch, of Unity township, was kicked by a horse, causing a fracture of one l-e-g below the knee joint.

—Twenty-five miles an hour was the average made by the Day Express on the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad one week last week. This may be considered rapid traveling.

—Mr. John O. Evans, of the East Ward, is sorry to say, is now dangerously ill with typhoid pneumonia, brought on it is said, by over exertion on Decoration day, he being a member of the silver cornet band.

—All the applications for tavern and eating house licenses published in our last and this week's issues, except those of Michael Crevier, of Croyle township, and John P. Rose, of Washington township, have been granted by the Court.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* announces by authority the name of ex-Sheriff John A. Blair, of this place, as an aspirant for legislative honors at the hands of the Democratic County Convention. We have not yet been favored on the subject.

—Our old friend Hammers was so severely hurt in Johnstown, on Tuesday night last, by being struck by a large stone which was accidentally displaced by a little boy, from a slope wall he was attempting to climb, that his life is despaired of.

—The grand pic-nic is to be held in the delightful grove near Wilmore, on Saturday next, to aid in defraying the expenses of the contemplated roofing of the Methodist church at that place. A delightful time may be anticipated. Go, see, enjoy.

—The young ladies and gentlemen now in attendance at Co. Supt't Chapman's normal school have organized themselves, Saturday, all of themselves, in pic-nicking in the woods at Shinkle's mill, not far from town, and are said to have had a delightful time of it.

—A meeting of workingmen and other citizens of Johnstown is to be held this afternoon, to take into consideration the financial and political aspects of affairs in that city. The meeting is to be addressed by J. Johnston, Esq., and other able men.

—George Grimsley, of Conemaugh borough, was severely injured in the lower part of the abdomen, on Tuesday last, by falling from a switch on the C. I. Co.'s railroad, and having been torn in the flesh by coming in contact in the lock-staple in the frame of a bridge.

—In Large Strait, the Altoona leather merchant recently prosecuted Miss Barbara Ann Hoover, of this county, for alleged breach of promise, has manifested as much wisdom in withdrawing the suit as did the defendant in refusing cause for bringing action in the first instance.

—Mr. Edelblute, a young man residing in the West Ward, had the misfortune to receive a very painful wound on one of his feet, by the "chip" of an axe, on Tuesday last, while employed in chopping cord wood for John Wherley, about half a mile from town.

—The barn of Andrew Fry, of Salem township, Westmoreland county, was struck by lightning and set on fire on Sunday last, and Mr. Fry now mourns the loss of the building and all it contained, including valuable horses. Partially insured.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* expects to hear from getting married by any moment as the following, we infer from a statement that it has reckoned with: "An Altoona gentleman named Beecher was married two times. On Sunday his funeral took place."

—A lad named John Shaffer, aged about 15 years, fell dead on Main street, Kernville, (Johnstown,) on Monday afternoon last, during the prevalence of a severe thunder, lightning, rain and hail storm, and as there was no evidence of the lightning having struck him, the presumption is that he died from fright.

—Col. John Lemon, State Senator from the Blair district and one of the cleverest gentlemen and most punctual patrons on our list, albeit he is a Republican of the strictest sect, looked in upon us long enough Wednesday to "sock up" a few greenbacks and otherwise cheer us on our pilgrimage to the better land.

—Carrolltown is to have a grand old-fashioned pic-nic of its own on the coming Fourth of July, and if there is a place on this mundane sphere where a man can find more enjoyment in less time than at Carrolltown we fail to discover any mention made of it in either sacred or profane history—especially the profane. Be ye there.

—Borough Council at its regular meeting on Monday night last resolved to petition the Court for the privilege to issue bonds for the erection of water works in this place, and is now anxious to know by some expression of public opinion *water work* of that kind is thought of by our citizens. Shall they have more light on the subject?

—A married woman and a youth to fame unknown "lit out" of Salem township, Westmore land county, on an elopement expedition, on Friday night last, and now three motherless children are inquiring anxiously as to the whereabouts of their maternal progenitor, and the deserted father answereth and saith "Yea, verily, I know not."

—Rumor has it that one of the handsomest bachelor members of the Blair county bar, albeit he is on the shady side of forty and possibly was an old school mate of our own, is likely ere long to occupy the position of defendant in a breach of promise case, he having failed to come to time in a matrimonial engagement which was to have culminated on Tuesday last.

—Don't think of passing by the store of Myers & Lloyd in quest of dry goods, dress goods, notions, groceries, etc., unless you are fully determined to go further and fare worse. All that any one could desire in variety and elegance of goods and cheapness of price may be found in great profusion at the mammoth store of Myers & Lloyd, who know how to secure custom by deserving it.

—The store room of Mr. John Wenderoth, in which the post-office is kept, and one or two other buildings, at Summerhill, this county, were totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday night last. The store room of P. M. & J. Brown was saved by tearing out one end of the building. We did not learn the extent of the loss or how the fire originated, but believe it is thought to have been the result of accident.

—There is considerable shaking among Republican dry bones south over the call just issued for the meeting of the county convention of that party on the 30th of this month. Barkis, however, or more properly speaking, Barker, is not only willing but anxious for an early convention, and the malcontents may as well accept the inevitable with the best grace possible, especially as the handwriting is already on the wall.

—The letter of our Washington township correspondent, "Liberal," came too late for publication this week. From it, however, we make room for the fact that Mr. Thomas Powers, whose late plowing feat has been doubted in some quarters, is willing to put up any sum from $150 to $200 that he can see his late soil-turning feat and go one-half acre better; or, in other words, that he can plow six acres of land in one day and a-half with a single team? Who'll take up the gauntlet?

—The preparations of Father Christy's Fourth of July pic-nic moves on space, and the lovers of such delightful recreation often feasting as will be the order of exercises and on the bill of fare on that festive occasion will find no more agreeable place than "Llyod's Grove" at which to spend that time-honored day. Father Christy's well known pony, "puff," will also be up for chances at one dollar per ticket, the proceeds to be devoted to the payment of the debt on the pastoral residence.

—The "Mountain House" saloon, which has recently been refitted, rearranged, newly papered, wainscotted and grained, is now presided over by that pleasant and clever gentleman, Mr. James D. Maitland, who knows how to preserve good order, keep a respectable bar, and give entire satisfaction to all his customers. Mr. M. claims that he sets up better liquors and cooler and more refreshing lager beer and ale than can be had elsewhere, and those who imbibe seem perfectly willing to substantiate this claim.

—A young man named Chas. Meintel, an assistant in the work of frescoing Condron's new building, in Hollidaysburg, accidentally slipped from a trestle or bench while engaged in lowering the sash of a window, on Saturday evening last, and the result was that he fell with such force against the heavy plate glass that he shivered two of the panes and lacerated both of his arms in a shocking manner, the main artery in the right arm being severed and large pieces of glass torn therefrom. He will likely recover.

—Capt. H. D. Woodruff, of the *Democrat*, and Geo. T. Swank, Esq., of the *Tribune*, dropped in to see us this week. It is needless to say, perhaps, that they didn't both come together. The Captain talks confidently of the Democratic prospects in the lower end—of the county, of course we mean—and Swank declares that he is going to show them how to run a post-office, down there if he should bust up all his relatives, even down to his forty-second cousins, in the effort. May the fondest expectations of both gentlemen be fully realized.

—We need scarcely invite attention to the announcements at head of preceding column, as our readers have doubtless ere this become aware of their full purport. It is not of course our province to recommend any of the aspirants in a special manner, but we can say with truth that each of the gentlemen named is as clever, competent and deserving of impartial consideration at the hands of the convention as any who have been or may hereafter be mentioned in connection with the several offices to be filled at the next election. May the best man win.

—On last Saturday morning about eight o'clock, a lady named Sarah South, a resident of Irwin Station, was run over by the Day Express, at Braddock's, and instantly killed. The deceased was on a visit to her brother-in-law, Mr. James Carson, and it appears had gone to the station for the purpose of going home. Seeing the train approach, and thinking it was the mail, she attempted to cross the track, when she was struck by the locomotive. Her skull was fractured and her lower limbs fearfully mangled. Her remains were removed to Irwin Station on the mail.

—On Friday evening last, about seven o'clock, says the Huntingdon *Journal*, a horse became frightened and dashed up an alley, leading from Moore to Oneida street, in which there were several small boys; one of these a son, aged about four years of Frank Clouse, who resides near the head of the alley. When the boys discovered the horse they ran for a pile of building logs on Oneida street. Young Clouse succeeded in reaching the cover and immediately afterwards the horse ran against the pile and threw it down, crushing the head of the little fellow beneath the logs. He expired in a few moments. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents in their sore affliction.

—The Democratic primary election in Westmorsland county, on Saturday last, resulted in the selection of James L. Toner and Thompson McLain, Esqs., for Assembly; and John Guffey, Esq., for Sheriff, and D. T. Harvey, Esq., for District Attorney, with the rest of the ticket complete. For Congressman and State Senator, respectively, Messrs. Jacob Turney and James C. Clarke bore off the palm, subject of course to the decision of the district conferences. The editor of the Greensburg *Rep. and Dem.* was in favor of the Legislature, but the fact that he was 568 votes behind the last named aspirant shows that there were too many people opposed to his in-Kline-ation to make it healthy for him. So it is in politics—men who sow the wind in defence of party very seldom reap the whirlwind when the party has political honors and emoluments to confer.

DOINGS IN COURT THIS WEEK.—The business disposal of in the Court of Common Pleas, which adjourned finally at 5 o'clock yesterday evening, was as follows:

The following cases were either continued by the Court or settled by the parties interested: Cambria Iron Co. vs. Francis Christy and Michael Dimond—summons in ejectment—continued at cost of defendants so far as relates to the service of subpoenas; Em'l James vs. Cambria Mining and Manufacturing Company—summons in covenant—settled; Em'l James vs. R. B. Westbrook—summons in debt—settled; Wm. S. Haven & Co. for use of William Stevens, vs. Dan'l McLaughlin—summons case in assumpsit—continued on account of death of A. Kepelin, Esq., counsel for defendant; Daniel Warner vs. Chas. A. Lauchbein—summons in trespass on case of slander—settled. The case of Thomas J. Williams vs. Thomas J. Lloyd was improperly on the list.

Vitus Klinely vs. Anthony Gill—Trespass. This was an action brought by Vitus Klinely, of Chest township, against Anthony Gill, of the same township, to recover damages for the alleged cutting and removal of timber from the land of plaintiff without license, and for damages done to the land by the making of roads, etc. Defendant produced an article of agreement dated May 2d, 1866 in which Klinely covenanted to sell all timber fit for square timber and sawlogs owned by him to Anthony Gill for $150, with the privilege of removing the same within seven years. Klinely demurred to said agreement, alleging that it had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation of its contents. Defendant proved by witnesses that the contents had been explained to the plaintiff, whereupon the jury rendered a verdict for defendant. Shoemaker & Sechler for plaintiff; Johnston & Scanlan for defendant.

L. Strauss vs. Wm. Tiley—Assumpsit. This action was brought by L. Strauss, of Allegheny county, to recover payment for a bill of liquors shipped by plaintiff for Wm Tiley, to Lilly's Station, at the instance of John Mallphant, now deceased. Defendant denied having ordered, or assumed responsibility for the payment of the bill. Verdict for defendant. Shoemaker & Sechler for plaintiff; Johnston & Scanlan for defendant.

Elisha Elliott vs. Harry Marlett—Assumpsit. Elisha Elliott, of Philadelphia, brought action against defendant, who resides at St. Augustine, this county, to recover book account. After a jury had been empannelled, the accounts of plaintiff and defendant were compared and the suit settled by defendant's counsel confessing judgment in the sum of $80. Reade for plaintiff. Tierney and Johnston for defendant.

John Kinney, Trustee, Maria Kinney, and Joseph Criste, guardian of Catharine and Bridget Jane Kinney, vs. Geo. J. Swaderer—Trespass. This action was brought for alleged trespass of the defendant in the raising and removal of twenty-five stone blocks, as plaintiffs claimed, from their premises in or near the borough of Summitville, from the road bed of the old Allegheny Portage Railroad. Defendant's counsel, on the contrary, contended that the Kinney deed only calls for land to the line of said road, that the stone blocks used in the superstructure of the road were transferred by the sale of said road to the Pa. R. R. Co., and that the Kinney heirs could show no title thereto. On these points of law the Court reserved judgment, but the jury awarded the plaintiffs $98.41 damages. Reade for plaintiffs; Sechler & Johnston for defendant.

Enoch Reese, administrator of Wm. R. Morgan, dec'd. vs. Jno. A. Makin—Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff $71.06, with interest thereon from Sept. 1st 1866.

Samuel S. Paul vs. William M. Davis—Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $109.98. Johnston & Scanlan for plaintiff; Fenlon for defendant.

Thos. Roup vs. F. M. George and Jos. Cristo, Executors of Otho Styner, dec'd—Assumpsit. Verdict for plaintiff $286.58. Shoemaker & Sechler for plaintiff; Johnston & Scanlan for defendants.

WARRANTED.—Four to six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are warranted to cure Salt Rheum or Tetter and the worst kind of Pimples on the face. Two to four bottles are warranted to clear the system of Boils, Carbuncles and Sores. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas and Blotches among the hair. Six to ten bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Corrupt or Running Ulcers. Eight to ten bottles are warranted to cure Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Two to six bottles are warranted to cure Liver Complaint.

A WONDER TO HERSELF.

TANKTON, Delaware Co., O., March 20, 1873.

DR. R. V. PIERCE—Your Discovery needs only a fair trial and it will do all you recommend it to do and more too. When I was fifteen I caught cold, and for twenty-eight years I have been a perfect wreck of disease, and all the medicines and doctors' bills have run up at times to two and three hundred dollars, and never any better but worse, when I give up all hope last spring of living the summer through. I received one of your Account Books and told my husband after reading it that it was too late to try further, but he said it was never too late. He went and bought two bottles and I found it was helping me very much. Since 1841 I was troubled with Catarrh and Sore Throat, and was almost entirely deaf in one ear and my voice was as dull as could be. There was constant pain in my head. Now my head is as sound as a dollar, my voice is clear, and I have used ten bottles of your Discovery. It has cured me of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Heart Disease, Spine Affection and Torpid Liver. My Liver was very bad. My skin was rough. When I put my hand on my body it was like fish scales. Now it is smooth and soft as a child's. In conclusion I will say I have been well for three months. I am a wonder to myself and friends. This is but an imperfect statement, half has not been told.

Yours with respect. HESTER LACKEY.

—The loss of property in and about Johnstown, resulting from the terrific storm which prevailed there on Monday afternoon last, amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum, several of the farmers in the vicinity being the principal sufferers. Mr. Hoffman, a farmer residing near Geistertown, estimates his loss in grain, fruit, etc., at about $1,000, and Jacob Wertz, Abner Griffith, and others, of Conemaugh township, think they are out of pocket some $300 each, more or less, in the same way. A farmer's wagon containing several sacks of flour was deluged by the storm while standing in the rear of the Arcade building, Johnstown, and the flour was so well kneaded in the wagon that it will probably not be needed in the family as a breadstuff. Trees were uprooted by the wind and window panes demolished without mercy by the hail stones, some of which are said to have measured fully six inches in circumference when picked up fifteen minutes after the storm.

—A ten-year old son of Mr. Michael McCarty, a coal miner residing between Planes 4 and 5, on the old Portage Railroad, conceived the idea, on Sunday last, during the absence of his parents at church, that it would be a good joke on the potato bugs to gather a lot of them together and blow them into "kingdom come" with the aid of a *quantum suffeit* of gunpowder. Acting on this idea, he herded the bugs in the immediate vicinity of a can containing about two pounds of that explosive material, after which he placed an ignited match to the magazine, and—and in less than no time found himself minus the sight of both eyes and his head shockingly burned. How he escaped even with his life is a mystery, as he was leaning over the infernal machine when the explosion took place; yet with sight gone and features disfigured the world will have but few charms for the unfortunate lad whose existence thus has been so providentially preserved.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Wolesiagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St. Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

WANTED—All persons, great and small, short and tall, to know that Spence makes as good pictures as can be obtained in the city and at lower prices. Photographs are not expensive, and every man, woman and child should have a new batch of them every birthday at least. Splendid views of the new Jail, Court House, Belmont, &c., now on exhibition at Spence's Gallery. Call and see.

VICTIMS OF CONSUMPTION seeking relief and restored health, should use "Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial." This is the only preparation that develops the full virtue of Tar. For sale by all druggists.

OUR MINERAL WEALTH.—Under this caption the Osceola *Reveille* of the 3d inst. discourseth as follows:

The western slope of the Alleghenies was at one time in our past history considered the least valuable region in the State, but more recent developments have shown that Pennsylvania's richest deposits of mineral wealth are buried beneath the surface of our rough and rugged wilds.

So little importance has been attached to the value of this part of the State, that no attempt was ever made to record its early history. No stirring details of bloody battles fought with "the red-skin braves" on these mountain slopes, thrill the patriotic heart of the historical reader, and even tradition, the million tongued trumpeter of doubtful heroes of more favored places, sings no song of honor to revive the forgotten glory of departed warriors slain on the hills and vallies that surround our peaceful, pleasant little town.

The mineral area of this region includes within its limits, Clearfield, Centre and Cambria counties, embracing all the territory between Clinton and Somerset, Indiana and Jefferson, adjoining, are also mineral counties, but our purpose, at present, is to notice the mineral resources of Clearfield county in connection with Centre and Cambria.

A series of articles on the early history of the latter county, written by R. L. Johnston, an able and well known representative of the Cambria county bar, appeared may years ago, and attracted considerable attention from the public, from the fact that the writer dwelt to some extent on the dormant wealth hidden in the hills of the "mountain county." Later articles appeared in the Ebensburg press, from a writer at Fallen Timber, who fully described the enormous and extensive deposits of mineral wealth in the northern part of Cambria and southern portion of Clearfield. Later developments go to prove that this portion of Clearfield county is not less favored in mineral resources than those districts to which these articles refer. The coal and iron fields of Cambria county, being fully developed in the vicinity of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown, necessarily attract more attention than could be expected from our comparatively undeveloped resources. But our unlimited coal deposits are being operated as rapidly as circumstances will justify, and it is found that our coal is equal, if not superior, to any other, both in quality and quantity, and is rapidly superceding the coal of other regions. Several hundred car loads of our coal are being daily sent to market, and yet, the demand is steadily increasing, and will continue to increase long after all other coal fields in the State have become exhausted.

Our county is not only rich in coal, but abounds in large deposits of iron; which, like the coal, form almost continuous beds from Johnstown in Cambria county, to Karthaus, in the lower part of Clearfield.

Many years ago, Ashland Furnace was built on Clearfield creek, near Chest Springs, and having been operated several years, produced iron of a good quality, but the cost of transporting the metal across the Allegheny mountain on wagons, proved too expensive, and the business was abandoned.

At Fallen Timber, on Clearfield creek, a large body of iron ore was opened about seventeen years ago, and a few miles up a tributary, at a point two or three miles from the present terminus of the Bell's Gap railroad, there is a vein of ore fourteen feet in thickness. Specimens of iron are found along the entire length of Clearfield creek and on all its tributaries, but at present, the owners find no use for it. Red ochre, fire clay, and specimens of brown marble are found throughout the whole extent of the Clearfield coal and iron regions. Lime is also found, but in limited quantities.

The coal interests are attracting most attention at present, and our town is the acknowledged center of all operations in that business. Moundsville, on the Moshannon Branch road, is a new and flourishing town, populated chiefly by miners, and Moshannon Banks, Beaverton and Sterling are important mining points. The new Branch road leading from Sterling is destined to develop new and immense deposits of the most valuable coal, and other branches will soon extend into other and equally extensive coal regions.

FATHER LEMKE AND HIS SCHOOLS.—The many friends in Cambria county of the venerable and much beloved Father Lemke, otherwise known as Father Henry, will peruse with interest the following from a late issue of the Elizabeth (N. J.) *Herald:*

The insufficiency of our public school accommodations in Elizabeth, and the evident disposition to restrict them to the lowest possible minimum of instruction, is a disgrace often seen elsewhere. the adoption of other means of instruction; and we have private schools in great variety, and, it is claimed, of superior excellence. In addition to these, too, parochial schools under charge of pastors of the Roman Catholic Church, are maintained in each of the four parishes in which the city is divided; and, as there may be many among the readers of the *Herald* not acquainted with the extent and efficiency of their operations, a short statement of their present condition may not be without interest.

SCHOOL OF THE BENEDICTINE SISTERS.

All the citizens of Elizabeth are familiar with the extensive structure on Magnolia avenue, near the junction of Reid street, in the Third ward, and occupying, with the grounds, an entire block. Standing in a section of the city not yet very densely populated, the large building dominates a wide district; and, from the windows, commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. It has little of the traditional gloom supposed to characterize the institutions of which it is a representative; but, both in a light style of architecture, it might be taken for a college, rather than the house of a religious Order. It is healthfully and pleasantly located, and when time has added to the growth of the trees by which it is surrounded, it will be a place of unusual attractions. This is the convent of the Benedictine Sisters; or more properly "St. Walburga's Convent of the Order of St. Benedict." Several years ago, on the application of twenty-six ladies who wished to devote themselves to that life of usefulness which they believed could be found in the education of their sex within the seclusion of a cloister, the Legislature granted a charter, and the Order was founded. The erection of the building which they now occupy, due to the exertions and sacrifices of Father Henry, at present the pastor of St. Henry's Parish; but then of St. Michael's Church on East Jersey street. He purchased the ground on which the convent stands from his own private means, and obtained such donations and securities as permitted the completion of the very elegant structure which is now an ornament to the city. Within the building is the chapel a tasteful room with a seating capacity of about eight hundred people. Father Henry boasts the finest music in the city. The organist is a young lady, whom he has trained from childhood to the practice of the instrument; and the choir is composed principally of some of the Sisters of the Order.

The boarding and day school, which is the main object of the institution, is the high school under the charge of the Catholics in the city; and though at present suffering, in common with all other enterprises, from the financial distress, it is usually prosperous. Music and needle-work are specialities; and German and all the higher branches of English education are taught thoroughly. In addition to the high school, parochial instruction is also given in the Convent; and nearly two hundred pupils from the neighborhood are in daily attendance. Father Henry speaks hopefully of the future of the institution when the extensive grounds shall have reached their highest state of improvement, and time shall have added to the reputation and influence of the school.

THE "VICTOR."—It is a well established fact, which experience more fully demonstrates, that patents are susceptible of improvements and defects remedied. In no case do we see this fact more fully exemplified than in the Sewing Machines of the present day, many of them being almost worthless for lack of the more recent improvements simplifying and adapting them to more general service. In this particular we notice in our market the "VICTOR," introduced by Mr. M. L. BROWN, agent for Cambria county. Mr. B. has had several years experience selling the "Singer," and well knows that the "*Victor*," in its more modern construction, far excels any other Sewing Machine offering in our town or vicinity. Its superiority consists principally in its improved shuttle, its interchangeable drop feed its tension, its straight self-adjusting needle, running more easily, rapidly and quietly, and in all motions being *positive*.—The agent for the "Victor" courts investigation and a thorough examination on the part of the public, well knowing that when any person purchases a machine it pays to look around. To be seen at his residence in the west end of Ebensburg.

THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—This gem of an invention, so useful, valuable, and in every way unsurpassed in the quality of its ink, is enjoying an immense sale in this country. By adding water you get the very best quality of ink, which the most powerful acid will not eat out. Get one and see for yourself. Sold at two (2) dollars by all stationers or by mail from R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY & CO., New York.

PLANTS.—Messrs. Davis & Sheridan offer everything desirable in plants for flower and vegetable gardens, among the latter of which may be mentioned tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, celery and egg plants, etc., etc. Green House on Vine street, Johnstown, Pa. Plants from the above firm are sold in this place by S. H. Davis at Green House prices. Give him a call and see for yourselves.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW STORE BUILDING, 113 & 115

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

New Embroideries

—AND—

WHITE GOODS!

NEW GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Latest Styles Ladies' and Children's

Hats and Bonnets

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

Ribbons and Flowers,

A most complete variety, just opened.

SUN UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

of all sizes, styles and qualities, at unusually low prices. A full stock of

KID GLOVES,

all colors and sizes, as low as 75 cts. per pair.

Half Hand Gloves!

FOR GARDEN WEAR.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

NAINSOOK AND JACONET MUSLIN,

SWISS AND ORGANDIE MUSLINS,

WHITE AND COLORED P. K.'S,

Lawns, Hamburg Edgings, Towels, &c.

PERCALES, for Summer Suits, very cheap.

The Celebrated "RIVERSIDE" HAT

IN WHITE AND BLACK STRAW.

Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils

ALWAYS IN STOCK, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FATHER.

I mourn for a father's love to-night—
My pillow is bathed with tears—
And sadly I wish for the morning's light,
To dispel my gloom and fears.

I mourn for a father's tender hand
To be laid on my aching head;
I mourn for one, that is now in that far off land
And vainly wish he was not dead.

I mourn for a father's love and care,
And the tears flow yet will start;
Yes, I mourn my father and cannot tear
His image from out my heart.

I mourn a father when morning's light
Has started the birds to sing;
I mourn a father when shades of night
Have ended their evening hymn.

I mourn for a father's love to-night,
And I fancy I hear him say:
Go on in the road you know is right,
And meet me over the way.

I mourn for a father's love to-night,
And the tears they dim my eyes;
I mourn for a father out of sight
As his form before me rise.

I mourn for my father night and day,
And I wish I knew if I,
When time on earth has passed away
Might meet him beyond the sky.

I mourn for a father's love to-night—
My pillow is bathed with tears—
And though I wish for the morning light,
It won't drive away my fears.

LOVENIA H. BURKHART.

Jackson Twp., Cambria Co., Pa.

[ORIGINAL.]

MODERN POLITICIANS.

"Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
Politicians now are tools of rings,
Whose honesty's all buried 'neath the sod.

Days are gone when politicians were
Of men who never from the right would swerve,
Gold was not to them a glittering snare,
And serving country, they their God did serve.

Now it seems to take 's their only aim
Of public property a goodly share,
And though none doth envy them their fame,
The thought of that gives to them not a care.

But still deeper in the mire they go,
Until their little share of conscience dies,
(If they e'er had conscience) and we know
Where conscience is not, honesty ne'er lies.

But we hope to see those days again
When gold was valued less than honest fame,
Bringing with them good, right-minded men,
Who, making laws, themselves observe the same.

H. E. C.

HYMENEAL.

FLINN—GREEN.—Married, at the residence of the groom's mother, near Wilmore, on Monday last, by Rev. H. McHugh, Mr. WM. FLINN and Miss SAVANNAH GREEN, both of Washington township.

OBITUARY.

LENTZ.—Died, in Loretto, on Saturday night last, Mrs. CATHARINE LENTZ, relict of Joseph Lentz dec'd, agad about 80 years.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

IT gives me pleasure to inform you that I again have the agency this season for the

TWO BEST

Mowing and Reaping MACHINES

ever brought before the public.

THE SUPERIOR

has a SCREW POWER, has no cog gearing, is SIMPLE, NOISELESS, DURABLE, and a powerful Machine, and runs light. Although only three years before the public, there are over TEN THOUSAND of them now in use, and owing to the satisfaction they have given, it is expected the sale of these Machines this year will double those of any previous season. The REAPER ATTACHMENT to it also HAS NO SUPERIOR.

The Improved Iron Frame

BUCKEYE!

has been before the public about ten years, and the fact that there are over ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY THOUSAND in use at the present time, with a largely increased yearly demand for them, is a better recommendation than pen can indite. They are very simple, strong, durable and light running; and if you want a REAPER ATTACHMENT at any time, you can have a selection out of four different kinds which the Company manufactures—so you cannot fail to be satisfied.

GEORGE HUNTLEY, Agent.

Ebensburg, June 12, 1874.-tf.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, ss.—JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK vs. J. MCCLURE. No. 20, Dec. Term, 1873.—E. D. *Vend. Expon.*

And now, March 9, 1874, on motion of D. McLaughlin, Esq., Jacob Zimmerman, Esq., appointed Auditor by the Court to distribute the fund arising from the Sheriff's sale of defendant's real estate to and amongst the parties entitled to receive it. From the Record.

[L. S.] Certified 8th May, 1874.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Take notice, that in pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit in my office in Johnstown, on MONDAY, the 29TH DAY OF JUNE, 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, where all parties interested are requested to attend. JACOB ZIMMERMAN,

Johnstown, June 4, 1874.-12-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH PFIESTER, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, have been granted by the proper authority to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims of any kind against the same will present them duly probated for settlement.

PELAGUS PFIESTER, Adm'r.

Allegheny Twp., June 12, 1874.-6t.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

R & QUINN.

All the New Goods of the Season!

ENGLISH BRUSSELS

CARPETS

Stair and Hall Brussels Carpet.

Three-Ply CARPET.

EXTRA SUPER CARPET.

VENETIAN and GIRTHING CARPET.

Ingrain Carpet, all wool.

COTTAGE CARPET FROM 25 CENTS UP.

Mattings and Door Rugs.

Floor Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 8-4 wide; Stair Oil Cloths and Table Oil Cloths; Window Shades at prices to suit everybody.

PRINTS AT 6 CENTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY GOODS!!

☞ The attention of the Ladies is invited to our Retail Millinery Department. Having engaged a first-class Milliner from the East and being constantly in receipt of the latest and handsomest styles, we are prepared to suit all tastes and meet all pecuniary circumstances.

NEW DRESS GOODS

OF FINEST QUALITIES.

Country merchants will find it to their INTEREST to call and examine our stock. We can fill their orders in Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery at the same prices they would have to pay in the east, and thus save freight and traveling expenses.

WHOLESALE ROOMS, SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Susquehanna Township for the year 1873:

THOMAS J. BYRNE, Supervisor.—Dr.

To amount of duplicate, road tax	$426.12	
" " cash tax	70.65	
" cash on order, May 20, 1873	20.17	$531.94
Cr.		
By work done on roads	$399.41	
" exonerations	0.61	
" order of 1872	66.80	
" interest	6.79	
" 38 days' work at $1.58 per day	57.00	$530.61
Balance due Supervisor		$ 1.67

SAMUEL GRAY, Supervisor.—Dr.

To amount of duplicate	$608.96	
" amount arrearage tax	142.48	$851.44
Cr.		
By work done by taxables	$538.05	
" exonerations	43.56	
" 50 days' services at $1.50 per day	75.00	
" 5 per cent. for collecting @ 47.48	7.12	
" cash paid on old Twp. orders	174.01	
" am't paid for repairing sledge	1.00	$838.44

We, the undersigned Auditors, do certify that the above statement of settlement with the Supervisors of Susquehanna township is correct.

Witness our hands, this 6th day of June, 1874.

PETER HILPERT, } Auditors.
JOHN SOMERVILLE, }

Attest—JOHN BEARER, Clerk. [12-3t.]

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, on **Saturday, June 27th, 1874,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which Charles Helfrich died seized, to wit: That LOT GROUND south-east corner of Maple avenue and Second street, in the Borough of Woodvale, fronting 60 feet on Maple avenue and running back along Second street 144 feet to an alley, having thereon erected two DWELLING HOUSES and a STORE ROOM.

TERMS—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale and the remainder in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN COX,

June 1, 1874. Adm'r of hss. Helfrich, dec'd.

WON'T YOU BUY A FARM?

THE subscriber is desirous of selling one of his FARMS in Carroll township and will give a first rate bargain

Royal Simplicity.

A writer says, in describing the garden parties given by Queen Victoria: "When you are conducted to the garden by one of the scarlet flunkies of majesty, said flunky is about the only visible hint there is of its being a royal party. You see pretty tents and canvass pavilions disposed here and there under the oaks, on the velvety lawn, or by the side of the pretty miniature lake. If this is in the Buckingham Palace Garden, which is in the very centre of fashionable West End London, the moment you have passed behind the high wall which shuts it out from St. James' Park on one side and Grosvenor place on the other, you would never guess that you were in the midst of the city. The surroundings are more exquisitely and most illusorily rural. You see a number of gentlemen and ladies, elegantly dressed, standing about in groups, or partaking of the by no means sumptuous fare which is being served without ceremony in the tents. The scene is cheerful, elegant, *bon ton*, easy, and unrestrained. You catch a glimpse of the Queen, dressed in black, with here and there a relief in rich, white lace, but with no suspicion of tinsel or gaudiness about her—a plain lady, of substantial proportions, in the prime of life, the center of a respectful but by no means awed or abashed circle, receiving those whom she recognizes with a slight smile and a pleasant word, and the presentation of those whom she does not know with a slight bow. There are faces here familiar to you in the windows of the print-shops—noblemen, statesmen, ambassadors, leaders of society and court fashion—but there is little or no pretension of manner or carriage."

Facts About the Bible.

A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years' careful study obtained the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

The word Lord occurs 1,855 times.

The word Reverend occurs but once, which is the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J.

The finest chapter to read is the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The 19th chapter of II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike.

Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

Color.

We do not study sufficiently the art of color; and by this neglect the effect of many an expensive wardrobe or elaborate piece of furniture is disagreeable. One or two colors should be dull, and not too pale; this is not generally known, or it is forgotton, and the result is the coarse and vulgar contrasts that we see round us. Blue is a favorite color, yet it is rare in Nature; there are but few blue flowers; there is no blue in the human race; blue eyes many fancy they possess, but a clear blue is the rarest thing in Nature. Green is becoming in itself because it annuls any tinge of green which may be latent to the complexion. Deep, heavy reds are much used by the old Italian artists for drapery, but they need to be contrasted, as it would be difficult to do in dress. Yellow is an unjustly despised color; it has many beautiful shades, and only when too pure proves unmanageable. A brownish yellow is more suitable for elderly persons. A brunette should wear a green yellow. Pale green is trying to the majority of faces.

Beauties of Shadows.

The *shadows* all day long play at silent games of beauty. Every thing is double if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rod, wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lilies (rare and yet abundant in every nice, level meadow) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon, until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the evening as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lines. Meanwhile, the clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold: every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveler writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.

The Pit of the Leaf.

In the famous mosque at Jerusalem, a place is shown called the Well or Pit of the Leaf, from this legend: In the reign of the Caliph Omar, a man of the tribe of Beni Temim, by name Cherik, the son of Habacha, let his ring fall into this pit, and descending in search of it, he returned with a leaf behind his ear, which he said he had gathered in Paradise. This he told the governor, and the governor himself, with many attendants, went into the pit, but could find no door, nor any way to the Garden of Delight. The story was related to Omar, who remarked, it was indeed true that the Prophet had foretold how one of his people should enter Paradise alive, and walking upright; but it might be ascertained whether this was the man, by inspecting the leaf; for, if it withered, it could not have been gathered in Paradise, where nothing changes. The leaf did not change, and Cherik's veracity was thus established.

A BUILDING in San Francisco that has 500 rooms is to have a clock with 500 dials, a dial for each room. The dials will be operated with compressed air, conducted in pipes all over the building.

NOW ON HAND
THE
HAND-SOMEST STOCK
OF
SPRING CLOTHING
WE EVER HAD.

For Cash paid IN HAND we will sell below the Market rate, and Guarantee every article or return money.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.

HAND-Y to the Ferries and the Principal Hotels and R. R. Depots.

W. D. MCCLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS.

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,74.-tf.]

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!
AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
PRICES
At E. J. MILLS'
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps,
Boots, Shoes, Notions,
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,
In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortments of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1,'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, Sept. 1, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg. M. O'NEILL & CO., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-11.tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Chestnut and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and furniture materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Loretto Marble Works.
PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.
Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TILS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]

A NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.—A French paper, *La Bien Publique*, says a discovery curious enough has lately been made. An agriculturist observed that by watering vegetables and fruit trees with a solution of sulphate of iron, the most astonishing result were obtained. Beans gained 60 per cent on their ordinary size, and what is better their taste is more savory. Among fruit trees, the pear is most benefitted by this process of watering.—*From the Chautauqua Farmer of July* 19, 1873.

After reading the above, I purchased 5 lbs. sulphate of iron; took two common pork barrels; divided the iron and put half in each barrel, and filled with water. When washing days came the suds were thrown into the barrels, making the mixture black as ink. This was late—July 24th. Of course I hadn't it in season to water early beans, but I commenced watering half of patch No. 1, butter-bush beans. I had picked them twice, and taken to market. Did not expect to get any more. I watered them with the above solution three or four times; they blossomed again, and I had three better pickings than the first. No. 2, Lima beans—watered as above, and the yield was astonishing; vines loaded, breaking down the poles, yet I kept picking and sending them to market. They kept green and good, and I took good shelled green Lima beans to market the first day of November, while those not watered, of both kinds, were all dried up.

Now, try the above if you like. But if any of you have a pear tree, or trees, try it, and if you don't tell me next fall that you never saw or ate such delicious pears in your life, I shall be disappointed with your success. By watering mine last year those who ate of them said so.

What about radishes? I sowed second crop September 10th—12 rows, twelve feet long. As soon as up—say two inches—I watered six rows with the above solution. In ten days there was a marked difference: looked green and better every way. Result—25th of October I had good sized radishes to take to market. The other six rows did not come fit for market. One strange feature is this: What were not taken to market were left in the ground, and the rows that were watered retained their full shape and size, although they had been frozen. In unwatered rows there was not a radish to be seen, nor a sign of one.

I shall use this mixture very extensively this year. I think it pays 50 per cent.

J. G. STORY.
Wesleyville, Pa.

GOOD AND BAD ROADS.—We are all grumbling about our roads and our surveyors. The roads are miserable, and our system of making and repairing them is miserable, too, but we do not realize how much we are losing by continuing to use them in their present condition. The annual expense for wear and tear of horses, carriages and harness is enormous, but the loss from carrying only half the load we might, on smooth, hard and level roads, is very much greater. Supposing a horse can pull on a level road 1,000 pounds, on a road rising one foot to the hundred, he could pull but 900 pounds. If it rises two feet in a hundred 810 pounds, two and a half feet 720 pounds, four feet 520 pounds, five feet 400 pounds, and if the rise were ten feet in a hundred, he could pull 250 pounds, or only one-quarter the load he could draw on a level road. Then, again, the condition of a road, whether hard and smooth, or soft and uneven, has much to do with the amount a team can draw over it. Experiment made by Morin show that a load of 9,000 pounds, will require a tractive force of 1,000 pounds to move it over a firm, gravel road, newly repaired. On the best kind of gravel road, 310 pounds. On broken stone road in good condition, 196⅔ pounds; on a good pavement, 133⅓ pounds. According to the above calculation, in the first case it would require eight horses to do the work which one could do in the latter case. So if both roads were level, and we have 200 bushels of potatoes to carry to market, we could draw them on the best paved road with one horse, while on the newly repaired gravel road we should need eight horses, and if the rise were ten feet in a hundred we should require 32 horses to draw the same load.

If these calculations are correct, and we think they are, who can calculate the annual loss to our country from poor roads? And who can doubt that if all this wasted energy and power could be applied to the making and repairing of our highways in the best manner known, we should, in a few years, be able to place them on a par with those of the older European nations.

CHARCOAL FOR LIME.—The discovery of Anderson, of Scotland, that pulverized charcoal effects the removal of hair from hides has been subjected to thorough trials by different manufacturers of leather, and with very favorable results, according to reports made through different journals. Since the charcoal, however, does not cause the hides to swell, a short previous liming, of two or three days, is still necessary; but this is not objectional as the charcoaling prevents any injurious result in addition to the action on the hair. The process can be carried on in the ordinary lime pits at a temperature prevailing for the greater part of the year, namely 50° to 70°; four to five days being sufficient at a temperature of 60° to 70°, while seven to eight days are necessary at 40° to 50°. The temperature is easily regulated by steam. Among the advantages the following seem to be generally conceded: A decided economy of time, as well as of labor, since the subsequent operations are rendered easier and the tanning proper more rapid. The bran or dung bath may be dispensed with. The liquids act uniformly without leaving specks. On account of the absence of disagreeable odors the new process is much more pleasant and less injurious to health. The leather is softer and better in quality, is easily worked, and does not tear out in sewing. There is a gain of one-half to one pound in weight of leather per hide, while the charcoal, considering the amount required, etc., is found to be practically as cheap as lime.

METHOD FOR MAKING HARD SOAP.—A farmer's wife says: Having used several different recipes for making hard soap, and having found one very much superior to any other, I venture to send it to you. Take 1½ pounds of lime, 3 pounds washing soda, 2 gallons soft water: boil half an hour, and settle all night; then pour off the liquid into a brass or iron kettle, and put in a half pound of rosin and three pounds of grease: boil an hour, and put into your mould. It is for use when cold, but improves with keeping in a cool place. This recipe I have used for a number of years, and it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction. I make it out of tallow, lard, grease arising from meat boiled, drippings of beef, mutton or pork, and always have a good article. For toilet soap I use perfectly pure, sweet lard, or tallow and white rosin, and give it a longer time in boiling, sometimes adding a little borax, or something healing to the skin. Of course perfume and coloring can be added also by those who like them, but I prefer the pure article. This soap I prefer for my own use to the finest article that can be bought, not only because it is an excellent and beautiful soap, but also because I "know what is in it."

KALSOMINING.—Eight pounds of whiting and one quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue one night in cold water, and in the morning heat it till perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash of the consistency of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk instead of whiting, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied all crevices and holes should be stopped with plaster of paris mixed with water. If it is desirable to tint the walls, colors may be procured at any paint store and stirred into kalsomine wash.

HOW TO USE PARIS GREEN.—A hogshead of water, with a faucet, is drawn on a wagon to the potato field, as a reservoir to draw from. Fill a pail with water and stir in a heaped tablespoonful of pure paris green; and more if impure. Dip in an old broom, and with it sprinkle the infested plant.—Bright sunshine is the best time.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS
—AT THE—
Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES
AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;
COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:
TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
of my own manufacture;
HARDWARE, ALL KIND!
such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;
Harness and Saddlery Ware
of all kind, in great variety;
WOOD and WILLOW WARE
beyond description;
CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,
Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpeutine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.
Family Groceries,
such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.
Tobacco and Cigars.
Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash*.
HOUSE SPOUTING
made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the new-lyfitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

A CARD.
EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

Portage NAIL WORKS,
Duncansville, Blair Co., Pa.
NAILS.

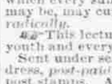
THE above Works, being again operated by the undersigned, offers to the trade a full supply of their justly celebrated NAILS at lowest prices.
JOHN MUSSELMAN.
Duncansville, March 14, 1874.-3m.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!



Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance: Piles, etc.

☞ Price in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Also, DR. SILLSBEE'S REMEDY FOR PILES. Send for circular.

Address the Publishers.
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

B. T. Babbitt's
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH,
OR LYE,
Of Double the Strength of any other
SAPONIFYING SUBSTANCE

I have recently perfected a new method of packing my Potash, or Lye, and am now packing it only in Balls, the coating of which will saponify, and does not injure the Soap. It is packed in boxes containing 24 and 48 one lb. Balls, and in no other way. Directions in English and German for making hard and soft soap with this Potash accompany each package. B. T. BABBITT,
[4-17.-2m.] 64 to 84 Washington St., N. Y.

TEA. AGENTS WANTED.
TEA AGENTS wanted in town and country to sell TEA, or get up club orders, for the largest Tea Company in America. Importers' prices and inducements to Agents. Send for Circular. Address, ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1287.

The Christian Union, Henry Ward Beecher, editor, of Oct. 25th last, says: "Parties wishing to get orders for TEA, should write him for a circular."

The New York Weekly Tribune, of Sept. 3d, says: "All 'Granges' should write Rob't Wells for circulars."

The Scythe, of Sept. 20th, says: "Rob't Wells is thoroughly reliable." [4-17.-2m.]

16 *The Oldest Establishment.* 16
B. J. Williams, Jr.,
MANUFACTURER OF
VENETIAN BLINDS AND WINDOW SHADES
At low prices. STORE SHADES Made and *Lettered* to order. BLINDS REPAINTED and TRIMMED to look equal to new. Plain SHADES of the NEWEST tints, with *fringe to match*, hung with *patent self-inflating spring fixture*. *Lace curtains, Lambrequins* of elegant designs, *Gilt and Walnut Cornices, Upholstery Goods, &c.*
16 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.
April 17, 1874.-3m.

WEST STREET HOTEL
Nos. 41, 42, 43 & 44 West St.,
NEW YORK.
A Temperance House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per Day. CHARGE very moderate. The best meats and vegetables a the market. BEST BEDS in the City.
[4-17.-6m.] T. B. BABBITT, Proprietor.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept.20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

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JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

Humbug of Medical "Science."

One of the foremost of English medical writers, Dr. James Johnson, emphatically says: "I declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, chemist, druggist or quack on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now exist." And Professor Mercadé is reported to have addressed his students at the Medical College in Paris to the following effect: "Gentlemen, medicine is a great humbug. I know it is studied as a science. But there are more empirics when they are not students. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world of medicine? True, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting certain substances into the veins of a dog; we can study diabetes; and I see distinctly that we are fast approaching the day when phthisis will be cured as easily as any disease. But compare it to you, there is no such thing as medical science. I grant you, people are cured; but how? Nature does a great deal, imagination does a great deal, doctors a devilish little."

That nature fulfills the most important part in recovering from or repelling attacks of disease, we are well convinced; that, without proper and well applied medical remedies, she would often be, we believe be quite as certain.

Ride Down a Coal Shaft.

Nelson Whitmarsh and Patrick Cain are employed in the shaft of the Union Company of La Salle. A few days since, having stepped upon the cage to descend, after having the signal given to drum around which the cable runs, which at the time was somehow disconnected from the other machinery, began to move rapidly, and they knew that they were riding to perhaps a horrible death. They struck the bottom, a distance of one hundred and fifty-three feet, and went through the three-inch planking, and plunged into the sump, which contained about ten feet of water. Wonderful to relate, neither of them was killed, but on striking the surface they clambered up on the cage. The car which was ascending at the same time they were going down, reached the surface with awful momentum, and went through the upper forks and wrecked almost everything in the immediate vicinity.

Assistance was sent below, and the two men brought to the surface, where a large crowd of people had assembled. They were carried home, and medical aid summoned. Whitmarsh sustained a fearful contusion on the hip, and is bruised in several places. Cain was not so severely injured. No bones were broken, and hopes are entertained that with proper care they will recover.

Solar Heat as a Tool.

During the recent building of a house in Holland, one of the traverses, 60 feet long, was misplaced on the supports four inches out of line, and the problem arose how to use it. Experiments proved that the work expanded a small fraction of an inch for every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperature differed by about twenty-five degrees, and it was thought this might be made to move the bridge. In the morning the end of the traverse was bolted down securely, and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and towards night the free end was bolted down, and the other end was loosened. The contraction thus made moved the whole thing the other way. For several days this experiment was repeated, and the traverse desired place reached.

We find no record that the heat from the sun has ever been employed in this way, but the contraction and expansion of iron by fire-heat has already been used to draw heavy weights over short distances. Where walls and strained roofs and sides have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods till they expand, then screwing up the slack by screws and nuts, and allowing the contraction by cold to pull the walls more into place.

An Egyptian Catacomb.

An Egyptian traveler informs the *London Times* that at the South side of the Pyramid of Abou Soualeh he found the entrance of a chamber cut in the rock, measuring 21 feet 2 1-2 inches by 12 feet 2 inches, and 12 feet high to the crown of the arch, elaborately decorated and painted in the best style of the best period of Egyptian art, bearing the name of Rameses the Great and his cartouches in a state of the highest preservation. The chamber is preceded by the remains of a large sculptured atrium, in sun-dried bricks, of which only joins the remains of a massive wall, in which contains a stairway leading down into the atrium. The doorway of the chamber and the stairway, and the arch were all filled with sand. The chamber appears to have been covered and lost sight of since a very early period, being wholly free from the sand, and the scribbling of travelers, ancient and modern. The bones of a woman and child, with two small cinerary urns, were discovered in the sand.

Many of our readers may know that one of the snake called by this name is found in some of the most beautiful islands in the West Indies, and is a more terrible foe to man than the lion or tiger of the Indies of Africa, or the tiger of the Indies of Asia. It lies in wait in shady groves and cool retreats, and its bite is very venomous. In the single island of Martinique it is estimated that eight hundred persons are killed by these snakes every year. A few years ago Prince Arthur of England visited that island, and the inhabitants gave a grand *fete* in honor in one of their charming gardens. It was a gay scene. Bright flowers hung from many trees, and the gay birds of many species were in strange contrast with the sombre green of the foliage. But among the guests were there. "The first lancet" in large numbers, and many danced up from bitten at dinner, and one of the most beautiful guests went home to die.